اسرار خودي دكتور محمد اقبال لاهوري (سيالكوتي) فارسى متن و ترجمه انگليزي

Israr Khudi

by Dr. Muhammad Iqbal (Lahori, Siyalkoti) Translation by Reynold A. Nicholson

AsrareKhudi Persian text and English translation by Reynold A. Nicholson

Muhammad Iqbal (b. Nov. 9, 1877, d. Apr. 21, 1938) was a prominent Islamic writer and politician. Born in the Raj, Cambridge educated, Iqbal is both the intellectual founder of Pakistan, and its national poet. This poem was composed in Persian, using traditional Persian styles and tropes, and published in Lahore in 1915. The translator was the English orientalist Reynold A. Nicholson. Nicholson later went on to produce the first full critical translation of Rumi's Masnavi into English.

فہر ست Title Page Contents Introduction Prologue بر استحکام خو دی انحصار دار د I. The System of در بیان اینکم حیات خو دی از تخلیق و تولید مقاصد اس the Universe دربیان اینکه خودی از عشق و محبت استحکام مه Originates in the در بیان اینکہ خو دی از سؤ ال ضعیف می گر دد Self در بیان ابنکہ جو ن خو دی از عشق و محبت محکم می گر دد قو ای ظاہر ہ II. The Life of the و مخفیہ نظام عالم را مسخر می ساز د **Self Comes From** حکایت درین معنی کہ مسۂلہ نفی خودی از مختر عات اقوام مغلوبہۂ Forming Desires نی نوع انسان است کہ باین طریق مخفی اخلاق اقو ام غالبہ را ضعیف III. The Self is Strengthened by در معنی اینکم افلاطون یونانی کم تصوف و ادبیات اقوام اسلامیم از Love افکار او اثر عظیم بذیر فتہ بر مسلک گوسفندی رفتہ است و از تخیلات او IV. The Self is Weakened by در حقیقت شعر و اصلاح ادبیات اسلامیہ دربیان اینکه تربیت خودی را سه مراحل است مرحله ٔ اول را اطاعت و Asking V. Strengthened by مرحله أن دوم را ضبط نفس و مرحله أسوم را نيابت الهي ناميده اند شرح اسر اد اسمای علے مرتضی Love it Gains حکابت نو جو انے از مر و کہ بیش حضر ت سید مخدوم علی هجو بر ی Dominion Over the رحمتہ الله علیہ مدہ از ستم اعدا فریاد کر د Forces of the حکایت طایری کہ از تشنگی بیتاب بود Universe حكابت الماس و زغال VI. Negation of the حكایت شیخ و بر بمن و مكالمه أ گنگا و بماله در معنی اینكه تسلسل Self حبات ملیہ از محکم گر فتن ر و ابات مخصو صبہ ٔ ملیہ می باشد VII. We Must be on در بیان اینکه مقصد حیات مسلم اعلای کلمته الله است و جهاد ، اگر **Guard Against** محرک او جوع الارض باشد در مذبب اسلام حر ام است

| Platonism | اندرز میر نجات نقشبند المعروف به بابای صحرائی که برای مسلمانان |
|---------------------|--|
| VIII. The True | بندوستان رقم فرموده است |
| Nature of Poetry | الوقت "سيف |
| and the Reform of | <u>دعا</u> |
| Islamic Literature | |
| IX. The Three | |
| States in the | |
| Education of the | |
| <u>Self</u> | |
| X. Inner Meanings | |
| of the Names of Ali | |
| XI. The Young | |
| Man of Merv and | |
| Saint Ali Hujwírí | |
| XII. The Bird that | |
| was Faint with | |
| <u>Thirst</u> | |
| XIII. Story of the | |
| Diamond and the | |
| <u>Coal</u> | |
| XIV. The Sheikh | |
| and the Brahmin, | |
| and the Ganges and | |
| the Himalaya | |
| XV. On Jihad | |
| XVI. Precepts of | |
| Bábá Sahrá'í | |
| XVII. Time is a | |
| Sword | |
| XVIII. An | |
| Invocation | |
| | |

اسرار خودی

دی شیخ با چراغ ہمی گشت گرد شهر

کز دام و دو ملولم و انسانم آرزوست

زین ہمرہان سست عناصر دلم گرفت

شیر خدا و رستم دستانم آرزوست

گفتم کہ یافت می نشود جستہ ایم ما

گفت آنچہ یافت می نشود آنم آرزوست

http://www.allamaigbal.com/works/poetry/persian/asrar/text/00.htm

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I

Showing that the system of the universe originates in the Self, and that the continuation of the life of all individuals depends on strengthening the Self.

THE form of existence is an effect of the Self, Whatsoever thou seest is a secret of the Self. When the Self awoke to consciousness. 190 It revealed the universe of Thought. A hundred worlds are hidden in its essence: Self-affirmation brings Not-self to light.

By the Self the seed of hostility is sown in the world:

It imagines itself to be other than itself.

p. 17 It makes from itself the forms of others 195 In order to multiply the pleasure of strife.

It is slaying by the strength of its arm That it may become conscious of its own strength. Its self-deceptions are the essence of Life; Like the rose, it lives by bathing itself in blood. 200 For the sake of a single rose it destroys a hundred rose-gardens

And makes a hundred lamentations in quest of a single melody.

For one sky it produces a hundred new moons, And for one word a hundred discourses.

The excuse for this wastefulness and cruelty 205 Is the shaping and perfecting of spiritual beauty.

p. 18 The loveliness of Shírín justifies the anguish of Farhád, 1

The fragrant navel justifies a hundred musk-deer [of Khattan, China].

'Tis the fate of moths to consume in flame: 210 The suffering of moths is justified by the candle. [Perpetual anguish is the destiny of the moth: Candle is the excuse of the sufferings of the "در بیان اینکه اصل نظام عالم از خودی است است و تسلسل حیات تعینات وجود بر استحکام

خودی انحصار دارد''

بیکر هستی ز آثار خودی است ہر چہ می بینی ز اسرار خودی است خو بشتن ر ا جو ن خو دی بیدار کر د آشکار ا عالم بندار کرد صد جہان ہو شیدہ اندر ذات او غیر او بیداست از اثبات او در جہان تخم خصو مت کاشت است خویشتن را غیر خود بنداشت است سازد از خود بیکر اغیار را تا فز ابد لذت ببكار را میکشد از قوت بازوی خویش تا شود آگاه از نیروی خویش خود فریبی بای او عین حیات بمچو گل از خون وضو عین حیات بہریک گل خون صد گلشن کند از ہے یک نغمہ صد شیون کند

یک فلک را صد بلال آور ده است بهر حرفی صد مقال آورده است عذر ابن اسر اف و ابن سنگبن دلی خلق و تكميل جمال معنوى حسن شیرین عذر درد کوبکن نافہ ئے عذر صد آہوی ختن

سوز پیہم قسمت پروانہ ہا شمع عذر محنت يروانه با خامم ی او نقش صد امروز بست تا بیار د صبح فردائی بدست شعلہ بای او صد ابر ابیم سوخت تا چراغ یک محمد بر فروخت مے شود از بہر اغراض عمل عامل و معمول و اسباب و علل خيز د ، انگيز د ، بر د ، تابد ، ر مد سوزد ، افروزد ، کشد ، میرد ، دمد

moth]

The pencil of the Self limned a hundred to-days In order to achieve the dawn of a single morrow. Its flames burned a hundred Abrahams 2
That the lamp of one Mohammed might be lighted. 215 Subject, object, means, and causes—
They all exist for the purpose of action. p. 19

The Self rises, kindles, falls, glows, breathes, Burns, shines, walks, and flies.
The spaciousness of Time is its arena,
Heaven is a billow of the dust on its road. 220
From its rose-planting the world abounds in roses;
[from sprouting]

Night is born of its sleep, day springs from its waking.

It divided its flame into sparks
And taught the understanding to worship
particulars

It dissolved itself and created the atoms, 225 It was scattered for a little while and created the sands.

Then it wearied of dispersion And by re-uniting itself it became the mountains. 'Tis the nature of the Self to manifest itself: In every atom slumbers the might of the Self. 230

p. 20 Power that is unexpressed and inert Chains the faculties which lead to action. Inasmuch as the life of the universe comes from the strength of the Self, Life is in proportion to this strength. 235 When a drop of water gets the Self's lesson by heart.

It makes its worthless existence a pearl.
Wine is formless because its self is weak;
It receives a form by favour of the cup.
Although the cup of wine assumes a form,
240 It is indebted to us for its motion.
When the mountain loses its self, it turns into sands
And complains that the sea surges over it;
But the wave, so long as it remains a wave in the
sea's bosom.

Makes itself a rider on the sea's back.

p. 21 Light has been a beggar since the eye first rolled 245

And moved to and fro in search of beauty; But forasmuch as the grass found a means of growth in its self, Its aspiration clove the breast of the garden. The candle too concatenated itself And built itself out of atoms; 250 وسعت ایام جو لانگاه او آسمان موجی ز گرد راه او گل بجیب آفاق از گلکاریش شب ز خوابش ، روز از بیداریش

شعله ی خود در شرر تقسیم کرد جز پرستی عقل را تعلیم کرد

خود شکن گردید و اجزا آفرید اندکے آشفت و صحرا آفرید باز از آشفتگی بیزار شد وز بهم پیوستگی کهسار شد

وانمودن خویش را خوی خودی است خفته در بر ذره نیروی خودی است قوت خاموش و بیتاب عمل از عمل بابند اسباب عمل چون حیات عالم از زور خودی است بس بقدر استواری زندگی است قطره چون حرف خودی از بر کند ہستنی بے مایہ را گوہر کند بادہ از ضعف خودی ہی بیکر است بيكرش منت بذير ساغر است گرچہ پیکر می پذیرد جام مے گردش از ما وام گیرد جام می کوه چون از خود رود صحرا شود شكوه سنج جوشش دريا شود موج تا موج است در غوش بحر می کند خود را سوار دوش بحر حلقہ ئے زد نور تا گردید چشم از تلاش جلوه با جنبید چشم سبزه چون تاب دمید از خویش یافت بمت او سینہ ی گلشن شکافت شمع ہم خود را بخود زنجیر کرد خویش را از ذره با تعمیر کرد

خود گدازی پیشه کرد از خود رمید هم چو اشک خر ز چشم خود چکید گر بفطرت پخته تر بودے نگین از جراحت با بیاسودی نگین می شود سرمایه دار نام غیر دوش او مجروح بار نام غیر چون زمین بر بستی خود محکم است ماه پابند طواف پیهم است

Then it made a practice of melting itself away and fled from its self

Until at last it trickled down from its own eye, like tears.

If the bezel had been more self-secure by nature, It would not have suffered wounds.

But since it derives its value from the superscription, 255

Its shoulder is galled by the burden of another's name.

Because the earth is firmly based on self-existence, p. 22 The captive moon goes round it perpetually. The being of the sun is stronger than that of the earth:

260 Therefore is the earth bewitched by the sun's eye.

The glory of the plane fixes our gaze,

The mountains are enriched by its majesty:

Its raiment is woven of fire,

Its origin is one self-assertive seed.

265 When Life gathers strength from the Self,

The river of Life expands into an ocean. p. 23

بستی مهر از زمین محکم تر است پس زمین مسحور چشم خاور است جنبش از مژگان برد شان چنار مایم دار از سطوت او کوبسار تار و پود کسوت او آتش است اصل او یک دانم ی گردن کش است چون خودی آرد بهم نیروی زیست می گشاید قلزمی از جوی زیست

Footnotes

<u>18:1</u> Shírín was loved by the Persian emperor Khusrau Parwíz. Farhád fell in love with her and cast himself down a precipice on hearing a false rumour of her death. [This refers to his digging a tunnel through the mountain in order to meet the condition of seeing her.]

18:2 Abraham is said to have been cast on a burning pile by order of Nimrod and miraculously preserved from harm

Asrare Khudi by Mohammad Iqbal Persian and English

AsrareKhudi of Iqbal English Translation

PROLOGUE

WHEN the world-illuming sun rushed upon Night like a brigand,

My weeping bedewed the face of the rose.

My tears washed away sleep from the eye of the narcissus.

My passion wakened the grass and made it grow.

The Gardener taught me to sing with power, 5 He sowed a verse and reaped a sword.

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم تمهيد

"نیست در خشک و تر بیشه ٔ من کوتاهی" "چوب بر نخل که منبر نشود دارکنم" نظیری نیشابوری راه شب چون مهر عالمتاب زد گریه ٔ من بر رخ گل ، ب زد اشک من از چشم نرگس خواب شست سبزه ٔ از بنگامه ام بیدار رست

باغبان زور كلامم زمود

In the soil he planted only the seed of my tears And wove my lament with the garden, as warp and

p. 2

woof.

Tho' I am but a mote, the radiant sun is mine:
10 Within my bosom are a hundred dawns.
My dust is brighter than Jamshíd's cup, 1
It knows things that are yet unborn in the world.
My thought hunted down and slung from the saddle a deer

That has not yet leaped forth from the covert of non-existence.

15 Fair is my garden ere yet the leaves are green: Full-blown roses are hidden in the skirt of my garment.

I struck dumb the musicians where they were gathered together (in the Mehfil),

(I threw in chaos the Mehfil of Ramashgiri)
I smote the heartstrings of all that heard me,
Because the lute of my genius hath a rare melody:
How rare is the melody of the lute of my nature!
20 Even to comrades my song is strange my comrades are unaware of my song!

p. 3

I am born in the world as a new sun, I have not learned the ways and fashions of the sky: Not yet have the stars fled before my splendour, Not yet is my quicksilver astir;

Untouched is the sea by my dancing rays, 25 Untouched are the mountains by my crimson hue. The eye of existence is not familiar with me; I rise trembling, afraid to show myself.

From the East my dawn arrived and routed Night, A fresh dew settled on the rose of the world. 30

I am waiting for the votaries that rise at dawn: Oh, happy they who shall worship my fire! [I'm a song] I have no need of the ear [strike] of Today, مصرعی کارید و شمشیری درود

در چمن جز دانہ ٔ اشکم نکشت تار افغانم بہ پود باغ رشت ذره ام مهر منیر ن من است صد سحر اندر گریبان من است خاک من روشن تر از جام جم است محرم از ناز ادبای عالم است فکرم ن آبو سر فتر اک بست کو بنوز از نیستی بیرون نجست سبز ه نا ر و ئیده زیب گلشنم گل بشاخ اندر نبان در دامنم محفل رامشگری بر هم ز دم زخمہ بر تار رگ عالم زدم بسكم عود فطرتم نادر نواست بم نشین از نغمہ ام نا شنا ست در جہان خورشید نو زائیدہ ام رسم و آئين فلک ناديده ام رم ندیده انجم از تابم بنوز بست نا شفته سیمابم بنوز بحر از رقص ضیایم بی نصیب کو ہ از رنگ حنایم ہے نصیب خوگر من نیست چشم بست و بود لرزه بر تن خيزم از بيم نمود بامم از خاور رسید و شب شکست شبنم نو برگل عالم نشست انتظار صبح خيزان مي كشم ای خوشا زرتشتیان آتشم نغمہ ام ، از زخمہ بی پرواستم من نوای شاعر فرداستم عصر من داننده أسرار نيست يوسف من بهر اين بازار نيست ناامید استم زیاران قدیم طور من سوزد کہ مر آید کلیم قلزم پار ان جو شبنم ہے خروش شبنم من مثل يم طوفان بدوش نغمہ ی من از جہان دیگر است این جرس را کاروان دیگر است ای بسا شاعر کہ بعد از مرگ زاد چشم خود بر بست و چشم ما گشاد رخت باز از نیستی بیرون کشید جون گل از خاک مز ار خود دمید کاروان ہا گرچہ زین صحرا گذشت مثل گام ناقم كم غوغا گذشت

I am the voice of the poet of To-morrow.

p. 4

35 My own age does not understand my [the] deep meanings,

My Joseph is not for this market [i.e. worthy to be sold in this market].

I despair of my old companions,

My Sinai burns for sake of the Moses who is coming.

Their sea is silent, like dew,

40 But my dew is storm-ridden, like the ocean.

My song is of another world than theirs:

This bell calls other travellers to take the road.

How many a poet after his death

Opened our eyes when his own were closed,

45 And journeyed forth again from nothingness When roses blossomed o'er the earth of his grave! Albeit caravans have passed through this desert,

They passed, as a camel steps, with little sound.

p. 5

But I am a lover: loud crying is my faith: The clamour of Judgement Day is one of my minions. 50

My song exceeds the range of the chord, Yet I do not fear that my lute will break. 'Twere better for the waterdrop not to know my torrent,

Whose fury should rather madden the sea.

No river will contain my Omán: 1 55

My flood requires whole seas to hold it.

Unless the bud expand into a bed of roses,

It is unworthy of my spring-cloud's bounty.

Lightnings slumber within my soul,

I sweep over mountain and plain. 60

Wrestle with my sea, if thou art a plain;

p. 6

Receive my lightning, if thou art a Sinai.
The Fountain of Life hath been given me to drink, I have been made an adept of the mystery of Life.
65 The speck of dust was vitalised by my burning song:

It unfolded wings and became a firefly. No one hath told the secret which I will tell Or threaded a pearl of thought like mine. Come, if thou would'st know the secret of عاشقم ، فریاد ، ایمان من است شور حشر از پیش خیزان من است

نغمہ ام ز انداز ہ تار است بیش من نتر سم از شکست عود خویش قطره از سیلاب من بیگانه به قلزم از شوب او دیوانہ بہ در نمے گنجد بجو عمان من بحربا بآید پر طوفان من غنچہ کز بالیدگی گلشن نشد در خور ابر بهار من نشد برقها خو ابیده در جان من است كوه و صحرا باب جولان من است ینجہ کن با بحرم ار صحر استی برق من در گیر اگر سیناستی چشمہ ٔ حیو ان بر اتم کر دہ اند محرم راز حیاتم کرده اند ذره از سوز نوایم زنده گشت پر گشود و کرمک تابنده گشت بیچکس ، رازی کہ من گویم ، نگفت بمچو فکر من در معنی نسفت سر عیش جاو دان خو ایی بیا ہم زمین ، هم آسمان خواہی بیا پیر گردون بامن این اسرار گفت از ندیمان رازبا نتوان نبفت ساقیا برخیز و می در جام کن محو از دل كاوش ايام كن شعلہ ی بی کہ اصلش زمزم است گر گدا باشد پرستارش جم است می کند اندیشہ را بشیار تر دیده ی بیدار را بیدار تر اعتبار کوه بخشد کاه را قوت شیران دېد روباه را خاک را اوج ثریا میدبد قطره را بهنای در با میدید خامشی را شورش محشر کند یای کبک از خون باز احمر کند خیز و در جامم شراب ناب ریز بر شب اندیشہ ام مہتاب ریز تا سوی منزل کشم واره را ذوق بیتابے دہم نظارہ را گرم رو از جستجوی نو شوم روشناس رزوی نو شوم چشم اهل ذوق را مردم شوم everlasting life!

70 Come, if thou would'st win both earth and heaven!

The old Guru of the Sky taught me this lore, I cannot hide it from my comrades.

O Saki! arise and pour wine into the cup,

p. 7

Clear the vexation of Time from my heart!

The sparkling liquor that flows from Zemzem— 1 75

Were it a beggar, a king would pay homage to it.

It makes thought more sober and wise,

It makes the keen eye keener,

It gives to a straw the weight of a mountain,

And to foxes the strength of lions. 80

It causes dust to soar to the Pleiades

And a drop of water swell to the breadth of the sea.

It turns silence into the din of Judgement Day,

It makes the foot of the partridge red with blood of the hawk.

Arise and pour pure wine into my cup, 85 Pour moonbeams into the dark night of my thought,

p. 8

That I may lead home the wanderer And imbue the idle looker-on with restless impatience;

And advance hotly on a new quest 90 And become known as the champion of a new spirit;

And be to people of insight as the pupil to the eye, And sink into the ear of the world, like a voice; And exalt the worth of Poesy And sprinkle the dry herbs with my tears.

95 Inspired by the genius of the Master of Rúm, 1
I rehearse the sealed book of secret lore.

His soul is the source of the flames,
I am but as the spark that gleams for a moment.

p. 9

His burning candle consumed me, the moth; His wine overwhelmed my goblet. 100 The Master of Rúm transmuted my earth to gold And clothed my barren dust with beauty. The grain of sand set forth from the desert, That it might win the radiance of the sun. I am a wave and I will come to rest in his sea, 105 That I may make the glistening pearl mine own.

چون صدا در گوش عالم گم شوم قبمت جنس سخن بالا كنم ب چشم خویش در کالاکنم باز بر خوانم ز فیض پیر روم دفتر سر بستہ اسرار علوم جان او از شعلم با سرمایه دار من فروغ یک نفس مثل شرار شمع سوزان تاخت بر بروانه ام باده شیخون ریخت بر بیمانم ام بیر رومی خاک را اکسیر کرد از غبار م جلوه با تعمير كر د ذره از خاک بیابان رخت بست تاشعاع فتاب رد بدست موجم و در بحر او منزل کنم تا در تابنده ئی حاصل کنم من کہ مستی یا زصمیایش کنم ز ندگانے از نفس بایش کنم شب دل من مایل فریاد بود خامشے از ''یا ربم'' باد بود شكوه شوب غم دوران بدم از تَهِي بِيمَانگي نالان بقدم این قدر نظاره ام بیتاب شد بال و بر بشكست و خر خواب شد روی خود بنمود بیر حق سرشت کو بحرف بہلوی قرن نوشت گفت ' ای دیوانہ ی ارباب عشق جرعہ ئی گیر از شراب ناب عشق بر جگر بنگامہ ی محشر بزن شیشہ بر سر ، دیدہ بر نشتر بزن خنده را سرمایم ی صد نالم ساز اشک خونین را جگر برکالہ ساز تا بكى چون غنچہ مى باشى خموش نکبت خود را چو گل ارزان فروش در گره بنگامه داری چون سپند محمل خو د بر سر تش بہ بند چون جرس خر ز ہر جزو بدن نالہ ی خاموش را بیرون فکن تش استی بزم عالم بر فروز دیگران را هم ز سوز خود بسوز فاش گو اسرار پیر می فروش موج مي شو كسوت مينا بيوش سنگ شو ئینہ ی اندیشہ را بر سر بازار بشکن شیشه را از نیستان ہمچو نی پیغام دہ I who am drunken with the wine of his song Will draw life from the breath of his words.

'Twas night: my heart would fain lament, The. silence was filled with my cries to God. 110

p. 10

I was complaining of the sorrows of the world And bewailing the emptiness of my cup. At last mine eye could endure no more, Broken with fatigue it went to sleep. 115 There appeared the Master, formed in the mould of Truth,

Who wrote the Koran of Persia. 1 He said, "O frenzied lover, Take a draught of love's pure wine. Strike the chords of thine heart and rouse a tumultuous strain,

120 Dash thine head against the cupping-glass and thine eye against the lancet!

Make thy laughter the source of a hundred sighs,

Make the hearts of men bleed with thy tears!

How long wilt thou be silent, like a bud?

Sell thy fragrance cheap, like the rose!

p. 11

Tongue-tied, thou art in pain: 125 Cast thyself upon the fire, like rue! <u>1</u> Like the bell, break silence at last, and from every limb

Utter forth a lamentation!

Thou art fire: fill the world with thy glow!

Make others burn with thy burning! 130

Proclaim the secrets of the old wine-seller; 2

Be thou a surge of wine, and the crystal cup thy robe!

Shatter the mirror of fear, Break the bottles in the bazaar! Like the reed-flute, bring a message from the reeds;

Give to Majnún a message from Lailá! 3 Create a new style for thy song, Enrich the feast with thy piercing strains!

p. 12

Up, and re-inspire every living soul! 140 Say 'Arise!' and by that word quicken the living! Up, and set thy feet on another path;

قیس را از قوم ''حی'' پیغام ده نالم را انداز نو ایجاد کن بزم را از ہاے و ہو باد کن خيز و جان نو بده بر زنده ر ا از ''قم'' خود زنده تر کن زنده را خیز و یا بر جاده ی دیگر بنہ جوش سودای کمن از سر بنہ شناي لذت گفتار شو ای دراے کاروان بیدار شو '' زین سخن تش بہ پیراہن شدم مثل نی بنگامہ بستن شدم چون نوا از تار خود برخاستم جنتی از بهر گوش راستم بر گرفتم برده از راز خودی وا نمودم سر اعجاز خودی بود نقش ہستیم انگارہ ئی نا قبولی ، ناکسر ، ناکار ه ئی عشق سوبان زد مرا، دم شدم عالم كيف و كم عالم شدم حرکت اعصاب گردون دیده ام در رگ مہ گر دش خون دیدہ ام بهر انسان چشم من شبها گریست تا دریدم پرده ی اسرار زیست از درون کارگاه ممکنات بر کشیدم سر تقویم حیات من کہ این شب را چو مہ راستم گرد یای ملت بیضاستم ملتی در باغ و راغ وازه اش تش دلها سرود تازه اش ذره کشت و فتاب انبار کرد خرمن از صد رومی و عطار کرد ه گرمم ، رخت بر گردون کشم گرچہ دودم از تبار تشم خامہ ام از همت فکر بلند ر از این نہ بر دہ در صحر ا فکند قطره تا ہمیایہ ی دریا شود ذره از بالبدگی صحرا شود شاعری زبن مثنوی مقصود نیست بت پرستی ، بت گری مقصود نیست ہندیم از پارسے بیگانہ ام ماه نو باشم تهی پیمانه ام حسن انداز بیان از من مجو خوانسار و اصفهان از من مجو گرچه بندی در غذوبت شکر است

Put aside the passionate melancholy of old! Become familiar with the delight of singing; O bell of the caravan, awake!"

145 At these words my bosom was enkindled And swelled with emotion like the flute; I rose like music from the string To prepare a Paradise for the ear. I unveiled the mystery of the. Self 150 And disclosed its wondrous secret.

My being was as an unfinished statue, Uncomely, worthless, good for nothing. Love chiselled me: I became a man And gained knowledge of the nature of the universe.

p. 13

I have seen the movement of the sinews of the sky, 155
And the blood coursing in the veins of the moon.
Many a night I wept for Man's sake
That I might tear the veil from Life's mysteries,
And extract the secret of Life's constitution
From the laboratory of phenomena. 160
I who give beauty to this night, like the moon,
Am as dust in devotion to the pure Faith (Islam)
A Faith renowned in hill and dale,
Which kindles in men's hearts a flame of undying song:
It sowed an atom and reaped a sun, 165
It harvested a hundred poets like Rúmí and Attar.
I am a sigh: I will mount to the heavens;
I am a breath, yet am I sprung of fire.

p. 14

Driven onward by high thoughts, my pen 170 Cast abroad the secret of this veil, That the drop may become co-equal with the sea And the grain of sand grow into a Sahara. Poetising is not the aim of this *masnaví*, Beauty-worshipping and love-making is not its aim. 175 I am of India: Persian is not my native tongue; I am like the crescent moon: my cup is not full. Do not seek from me charm of style in exposition, Do not seek from me Khánsár and Isfahan. 1 Although the language of Hind is sweet as sugar, 180 Yet sweeter is the fashion of Persian speech.

p. 15

My mind was enchanted by its loveliness, My pen became as a twig of the Burning Bush. Because of the loftiness of my thoughts, طرز گفتار دری شیرین تر است فکر من از جلوه اش مسحور گشت خامه ٔ من شاخ نخل طور گشت پارسے از رفعت اندیشه ام در خورد با فطرت اندیشه ام خرده بر مینا مگیر ای بوشمند دل بذوق خرده ی مینا به بند

| Persian alone is suitable to them. O Reader, do not find fault with the wine-cup, 185 | |
|---|--|
| But consider attentively the taste of the wine. | |

Footnotes

- 2:1 Jamshíd, one of the mythical Persian kings, is said to have possessed a marvellous cup in which the whole world was displayed to him.
- 5:1 The Sea of Oman is a name given by the Arabs to the Persian Gulf.
- 7:1 The holy well at Mecca.
- 8:1 Jalálu'ddín Rúmí, the greatest mystical poet of Persia (A.D. 1207-1273). Most of his life was passed at Iconium in Galatia, for which reason he is generally known as "Rúmí," *i.e.* " the Anatolian."
- 10:1 This refers to the famous *Masnaví* of Jalálu'ddín Rúmí.
- 11:1 Rue-seed, which is burned for the purpose of fumigation, crackles in the fire.
- 11:2 "Wine " signifies the mysteries of divine love.
- 11:3 Majnún is the Orlando Furioso of Arabia.
- 14:1 Khánsár, which lies about a hundred miles north- west of Isfahan, was the birth-place of several Persian poets.

I

II

Footnotes

- <u>24:1</u> Cf. Koran, ch. 18, vv. 64-80. Khizr represents the mystic seer whose actions are misjudged by persons of less insight.
- 25:1 *I.e.* the reed was made into a flute.

Next: III. The Self is Strengthened by Love

Iqbals asrareKhudi Persian and English II Hayate Khudi az Takhleeq wa Tawleed maqaasid ast

II

Showing that the life of the Self comes from forming desires Objectives/purposes and bringing them to birth.

Desire in Islamic literature has negative meaning of Hawa wa Hawas

LIFE is preserved by purpose: Because of the goal its caravan-bell tinkles.

Life is latent in seeking,
Its origin is hidden in desire. 270
Keep desire alive in thy heart,
Lest thy little dust become a tomb.
Desire is the soul of this world of hue and scent,

The nature of every thing is faithful to desire.

Desire sets the heart dancing in the breast, 275p. 24

And by its glow the breast is made bright as a mirror.

It gives to earth the power of soaring, It is a Khizr to the Moses of perception. <u>1</u> From the flame of desire the heart takes life,

280 And when it takes life, all dies that is not true.

When it refrains from forming wishes, Its pinion breaks and it cannot soar. Desire is an emotion of the Self: It is a restless wave of the Self's sea. 285 Desire is a noose for hunting ideals, A binder of the book of deeds. Negation of desire is death to the living, Even as absence of burning extinguishes the flame.

What is the source of our wakeful eye? 290 Our delight in seeing hath taken visible shape.

p. 25The partridge's leg is derived from the elegance of its gait,

The nightingale's beak from its endeavour to sing.

Away from the reed-bed, the reed became

"دربیان اینکه حیات خودی از تخلیق و تولیدمقاصداست"

زندگانے را بقا از مدعا ست کاروانش را درا از مدعاست زندگی در جستجو پوشیده است اصل او در رزو پوشیده است رزورادر دل خود زنده دار تا نگرید مشت خاک تو مزار رزو جان جہان رنگ و بوست فطرت ہر شی امین رزو ست از تمنا رقص دل در سینہ با سینہ با از تاب او ئینہ با طاقت برواز بخشد خاک را خضر باشد موسی ادر اک را دل ز سوز آرزو گیرد حیات غير حق مير د جو او گير د حيات چون ز تخلیق تمنا باز ماند شهیرش بشکست و از برواز ماند آرزو بنگامہ آرای خودی موج بیتابے ز دریای خودی آرزو صید مقاصد را کمند دفتر افعال را شیرازه بند زنده را نفی تمنا مرده کرد شعلم را نقصان سوز افسر ده کر د چیست اصل دیده ٔ بیدار ما بست صورت لذت دبدار ما کبک با از شوخئ رفتار بافت بلبل از سعی نوا منقار یافت نی برون از نیستان آباد شد نغمہ از زندان او آز اد شد عقل نندرت کوش و گردون تناز

بیچ میدانی که این اعجاز چیست زندگی سرمایه دار از آرزوست عقل از زائیدگان بطن اوست چیست نظم قوم و آئین و رسوم چیست راز تازگیهای علوم آرزوئی کو بزور خود شکست happy:

The music was released from its prison. 1 Why does the mind strive after new discoveries and scale the heavens? 295 Knowest thou what works this miracle? 'Tis desire that enriches Life,

And the intellect is a child of its womb. What are social organisation, customs, and laws?

What is the secret of the novelties of 300 science?

A desire which broke through by its own strength

And burst forth from the heart and took shape.

p. 26

Nose, hand, brain, eye, and ear, Thought, imagination, feeling, memory, and understanding

305 All these are weapons devised for self-preservation

By him that rides into the battle of Life. The object of science and art is not knowledge,

The object of the garden is not the bud and the flower.

Science is an instrument for the preservation of Life,

310 Science is a means of establishing the Self.

Science and art are servants of Life, Slaves born and bred in its house. Rise, O thou who art strange to Life's mystery,

Rise intoxicated with the wine of an ideal! 315 If thou art an ideal, thou wilt shine as the dawn

p. 27And be to all else as a blazing fire. If thou art an ideal, thou art higher than Heaven

Winning, captivating, enchanting men's hearts:

A destroyer of ancient falsehood, Fraught with turmoil, an embodiment of the Last Day. 320

We live by forming ideals,

We glow with the sunbeams of desire!

سر ز دل بیرون زد و صورت به ت و دندان و دماغ و چشم و فكر و تخييل و شعور و ياد و بوش زندگی مرکب چو در جنگاه باخت بهر حفظ خویش این آلات ساخت آگہی از علم و فن مقصود نیست غنجہ و گل از جمن مقصود نیست علم از سامان حفظ زندگی است علم از اسباب تقویم خودی است علم و فن از پیش خیزان حیات علم و فن از خانہ زادان حیات ای از راز زندگی بیگانه ، خیز از شر اب مقصدی مستانہ خیز مقصد مثل سحر تابندہ ئے ماسوی را آتش سوزنده ئی مقصدی از آسمان بالاتری داربائے داستانی دلبری باطل دیرینہ را غارتگری فتنہ در جیبی سر ایا محشر ی

ما ز تخلیق مقاصد زنده ایم

از شعاع آرزو تابنده ایم

Footnotes

<u>24:1</u> Cf. Koran, ch. 18, vv. 64-80. Khizr represents the mystic seer whose actions are misjudged by persons of less insight.

25:1 *I.e.* the reed was made into a flute.

Next: III. The Self is Strengthened by Love

AsrareKhudi Ishq

28

Ш

Showing that the Self is strengthened by Love. 1

THE luminous point whose name is the Self Is the life-spark beneath our dust.
325 By Love it is made more lasting,
More living, more burning, more glowing.
From Love proceeds the radiance of its being And the development of its unknown possibilities.

Its nature gathers fire from Love, 330 Love instructs it to illumine the world.

p. 29Love fears neither sword nor dagger, Love is not born of water and air and earth. Love makes peace and war in the world, The Fountain of Life is Love's flashing sword. The hardest rocks are shivered by Love's glance: 335

Love of God at last becomes wholly God. Learn thou to love, and seek to be loved: Seek an eye like Noah's, a heart like Job's! Transmute thy handful of earth into gold, Kiss the threshold of a Perfect Man! 1 340 Like Rúmí, light thy candle And burn Rúm in the fire of Tabríz! 2

p. 30

There is a beloved hidden within thine heart: I will show him to thee, if thou hast eyes to see. 345 His lovers are fairer than the fair, Sweeter and comelier and more beloved. By love of him the heart is made strong And earth rubs shoulders with the Pleiades. The soil of Najd was quickened by his grace 350 And fell into a rapture and rose to the skies. 1 In the Moslem's heart is the home of Mohammed, All our glory is from the name of Mohammed.

''در بیان اینکہ خودی از عشق و محبت استحکام می پذیرد''

نقطہ أنوري كے نام او خودي است زیر خاک ما شرار زندگی است از محبت می شود یاینده تر زنده تر سوزنده تر تابنده تر از محب تعال ج وبرش ار تقای ممکنات مضرش فطر ت او آتش اندوزد زعشق عالم افروزی بیاموزد زعشق عشق را از تیغ و خنجر باک نیست اصل عشق از آب و باد و خاک نیست در جہان ہے صلح و ہے پیکار عشق آب حيوان تيغ جوبر دار عشق از نگاه عشق خارا شق شود عشق حق آخر سرایا حق شود عاشم قی آمروز و محبر وبی طلب چشے نوحی قلب ایروبی طلب کیمیا بیدا کین از مشت گلی شمع خود را ہمچو رومی بر فروز روم را در آت ش تبریز را سوز سروز به سوز به سود در دادت معشوقی نهان اندر دلت ____ اگـــر دار ے بیـــا بنمایمـــت عاشه فان او ز خوبان خروب تر دل ز عشر ق او توانا می شرود خاک همدوش ثریا مے شرود خاک نجد از فیض او چالاًک شد آمد اندر وجد و بر افلاک شد در دل مسلم مقام مصطفی است آبروی ما زنام مصطفی است ط ور م وجے از غب ار خانہ اش

Sinai is but an eddy of the dust of his house, The sanctuary of the Ka'ba is his dwelling-place.

p. 31Eternity is less than a moment of his time, 355

Eternity receives increase from his essence. He slept on a mat of rushes,

But the crown of Chosroes was under his people's feet.

He chose the nightly solitude of Mount Hirá, And he founded a state and laws and government. 360

He passed many a night with sleepless eyes In order that the Moslems might sleep on the throne of Persia.

In the hour of battle, iron was melted by his sword:

In the hour of prayer, tears fell like rain from his eve.

When he was called to aid, his sword answered "Amen" 365

And extirpated the race of kings. He instituted new laws in the world,

p. 32

He brought the empires of antiquity to an end. With the key of religion he opened the door of this world:

370 The womb of the world never bore his like. In his sight high and low were one,

He sat with his slave at one table.

The daughter of the chieftain of Tai was taken prisoner in battle <u>1</u>

And brought into that exalted presence;

375 Her feet in chains, unveiled,

And her neck bowed with shame.

When the Prophet saw that the poor girl had no veil,

He covered her face with his own veil. We are more naked than that lady of Tai, 380 We are unveiled before the nations of the world.

p. 33

In him is our trust on the Day of Judgement, And in this world too he is our protector. Both his favour and his wrath are entirely a mercy:

That is a mercy to his friends and this to his foes. He opened the gates of mercy to his enemies, 385 He gave to Mecca the message, "No blame shall be laid upon you."

كعبه را بيت الحرم كاشانه اش ___ از آن___ ز اوقاتش ابد کاسب ب افرز ایش از ذاتبش ابسد بوریا ممنون خواب راحتش تے اج کسرے زیر پای امنش ق و آئین و حکوم ت آفرید ماند شبها چشم او محروم نوم تابہ تخت خسروی خوابیدہ قوم وقت بيجا تيغُ او آبن گداز دیده ی او اشکیار اندر نماز در دعــای نصــرت آمــین تیــغ او ق اطع نسل سلاطين تيغ او در جهان آئین نے آغاز کرد مسند اقوام پیشین در نورد از کلید دیان در دنیا گشاد بمج و او بط ن ام گیت ی نزاد با غلام خویش بر یک خوان نشست در مصافی بیلیش آن گردون سریر دختے رسے ردار طے آمید اسے پر ای در زنجیر و ہے بسے پردہ بود گردن از شرم و حیا خرم کرده بود دخترک را چون نبی بی پرده دید چادر خود پیش روی او کشید مُا از أن خاتون طي عريان تريم پ یش اقوام جهان بی چادریم روز محشر اعتبار ماست او در جهسان بسم پسرده دار ماسست او لطیف و قهر ر او سرایا رحمتی آن بیار ان ایان باعدا رحمتی آن کــــہ بــــر اعــــدا در رحمـــت گشـــ مكرا يبغام "لاتثريب"، داد ما کے از قید وطن بیگانہ ایے جـــون نگــــہ نـــور دو جشـــمبم و بکـــبم از حجاز و چاین و آیارانیم م شبنم یک صبح خندانیم ما مست وشم ساقی بطحاستیم در جهان مثال میاستیم امتی ازات نسب را پاک سوخت آتش او این خسس و خاشاک سوخت جےون گل صد بےرگ میار ا بے ویکست او ست جان این نظام و او یکیست ســـر مكنــون دل او مــا بــديم We who know not the bonds of country Resemble sight, which is one though it be the light of two eyes.

We belong to the Hijáz and China and Persia, Yet we are the dew of one smiling dawn. 390 We are all under the spell of the eye of the cupbearer from Mecca,

We are united as wine and cup.

p. 34

He burnt clean away distinctions of lineage, His fire consumed this trash and rubble. 395 We are like a rose with many petals but with one perfume:

He is the soul of this society, and he is one. We were the secret concealed in his heart: He spake out fearlessly, and we were revealed. The song of love for him fills my silent reed, 400 A hundred notes throb in my bosom. How shall I tell what devotion he inspires? A block of dry wood wept at parting from him. 1 The Moslem's being is where he manifests his glory:

Many a Sinai springs from the dust on his path.

p. 35

My image was created by his mirror, 405 My dawn rises from the sun of his breast. My repose is a perpetual fever, My evening hotter than the morning of Judgement Day: 1

He is the April cloud and I his garden, My vine is bedewed with his rain. 410 I sowed mine eye in the field of Love And reaped a harvest of delight.

"The soil of Medina is sweeter than both worlds: Oh, happy the town where dwells the Beloved!" 2 I am lost in admiration of the style of Mullá Jámí: 415

His verse and prose are a remedy for my immaturity.

He has written poetry overflowing with beautiful ideas

p. 36And has threaded pearls in praise of the Master—

"Mohammed is the preface to the book of the universe:

420 All the world are slaves and he is the Master."

From the wine of Love spring many qualities: Amongst the attributes of Love is blind devotion.

نعره أبي باكاني زد افشا شديم شور عشقش در نے خاموش من من میں تید صد نغمہ در آغوش من من چہ گویم از تولایش کے چیست کے چوبی در فراق او گریست ہستی مسلم تجا گاہ او صبح من از آفتاب سبنہ اش در تبید دمبدم آرام مسن گرم تر از صبح محشر شام من ابر آذار است و من بستان او ت اک م نمن ای از بار ان او چشه در کشت محبت کاشتم از تماشی حاصلی برداشتم خاک بشرب از دو عالم خوشتر است ای خنے ک شہری کے آنجا دلیے است کشته ی انداز مللا جامیم نظے و نثر او عالج خامیم شعر لبریر معانی گفتہ است در ثنای خواجہ گویر سفتہ است ''نسخہ کونین را دیباجے اوست جملہ عالم بندگان و خواجہ او ست''

The saint of Bistám, who in devotion was unique, Abstained from eating a water-melon. 1 425 Be a lover constant in devotion to thy beloved,

That thou mayst cast thy noose and capture God. Sojourn for a while on the Hirá of the heart, $\underline{2}$

p. 37

Abandon self and flee to God.

Strengthened by God, return to thy self
And break the heads of the Lát and Uzzá of
sensuality. 1 430

By the might of Love evoke an army,
Reveal thyself on the Fárán of Love, 2

That the Lord of the Ka'ba may show thee favour
And interpret to thee the text, "Lo, I will appoint
a vicegerent on the earth." 3

IV

Showing that the Self is weakened by asking (Begging).

435 O THOU who hast gathered taxes from lions.

Thy need hath caused thee to become a fox in disposition.

Thy maladies are the result of indigence: This disease is the source of thy pain. It is robbing thine high thoughts of their dignity

440 And putting out the light of thy noble imagination.

Quaff rosy wine from the jar of existence!

p. 39

Snatch thy money from the purse of Time! Like Omar, come down from thy camel! 1 Beware of incurring obligations, beware! How long wilt thou sue for office 445 And ride like children on a woman's back? A nature that fixes its gaze on the sky Becomes debased by receiving benefits. By asking, poverty is made more abject; By begging, the beggar is made poorer. 450 Asking disintegrates the Self

"در بیان اینکه خودی از سؤال ضعیف میگردد"

ای فراہم کردہ از شیران خراج گشته ئی روبه مزاج از احتیاج خستگی بای تو از ناداری است اصل در د تو بمین بیماری است مے ریابد رفعت از فکر بلند مى كشد شمع خيال ارجمند از خم ہستی می گلفام گیر نقد خود از کیسہ ی ایام گیر خود فرود آاز شتر مثل عمر الحذر از منت غير الحذر تابکے دریوزہ ٔ منصب کنی صورت طفلان زنی مرکب کنی فطرتی کو بر فلک بندد نظر بست می گر دد ز احسان دگر أز سؤال ، أفلاس كردد خوار تر از گدائے گدیہ گر نادار تر از سؤال آشفتہ اجز ای خودی بی تجلی نخل سینای خو دے

مشت خاک خویش را از بم مپاش مثل مه رزق خود از پهلو تراش گرچه باشی تنگ روز و تنگ بخت در ره سیل بلا افکنده رخت رزق خویش از نعمت دیگر مجو And deprives of illumination the Sinai-bush of the Self.

Do not scatter thy handful of dust; Like the moon, scrape food from thine own side!

Albeit thou art poor and wretched 455

p. 40

And overwhelmed by affliction, Seek not thy daily bread from the bounty of another,

Seek not waves of water from the fountain of the sun,

Lest thou be put to shame before the Prophet 460 On the Day when every soul shall be stricken with fear.

The moon gets sustenance from the table of the sun

And bears the brand of his bounty on her heart.

Pray God for courage! Wrestle with Fortune! Do not sully the honour of the pure religion! 465 He who swept the rubbish of idols out of the Ka'ba

Said that God loves a man that earns his living.

Woe to him that accepts bounty from another's table

p. 41And lets his neck be bent with benefits! He hath consumed himself with the lightning of the favours bestowed on him,

He hath sold his honour for a paltry coin. 470 Happy the man who thirsting in the sun Does not crave of Khizr a cup of water! 1 His brow is not moist with the shame of beggary;

He is a man still, not a piece of clay. That noble youth walks under heaven 475 With his head erect like the pine.

Are his hands empty? The more is he master of himself.

Do his fortunes languish? The more alert is he

The beggar's wallet is like a boat tossing in waves of fire;

موج آب از چشمہ ی خاور مجو تا نباشی پیش پیغمبر خجل روز فردائی کہ باشد جان گسل ماہ را روزے رسد از خوان مہر داغ بر دل دارد از احسان مهر بمت از حق خواه و با گردون ستیز آبر و ے ملت بیضا مر پز آنکه خاشاک بتان از کعبه رفت مر د کاسب ر ۱ ''حبیب الله'' گفت وای بر منت پذیر خوان غیر گر دنش خم گشتہ ی احسان غیر خویش را از برق لطف غیر سوخت با یشیزی مایه ی غیرت فروخت ای خنک آن تشنہ کاندر آفتاب می نخواہد از خضر یک جام آب تر جبین از خجلت سائل نشد شکل آدم ماند و مشت گل نشد زیر گردون آن جوان ارجمند مى رود مثل صنوبر سر بلند در تہی دستی شود خود دار تر بخت او خو ابیده ، او بیدار تر قلزم زنبیل سیل آتش است گر ز دست خود رسد شبنم ، خوشست

> چون حباب از غیرت مردانه باش ہم به بحر اندر نگون پیمانه باش

p. 42

Sweet is a little dew gathered by 480 one's own hand.

Be a man of honour, and like the bubble Keep thy cup inverted even in the midst of the sea! 1

Footnotes

- <u>39:1</u> The Caliph Omar was a man of simple habits and self-reliant character.
- 41:1 Khizr is supposed to have drunk of the Fountain of Life.
- 42:1 The bubble is compared to an inverted cup, which of course receives nothing.

Next: V. Strengthened by Love it Gains
Dominion Over the Forces of the Universe

Footnotes

- <u>28:1</u> For the sense which Iqbal attaches to the word "love," see the Introduction, <u>p. xxv</u>.
- 29:1 A prophet or saint.
- <u>29:2</u> See note on l. 95. Tabríz is an allusion to Shams-i Tabríz, the spiritual director of Jalálu'ddín Rúmí.
- 30:1 Najd, the Highlands of Arabia, is celebrated in love-romance. I need only mention Laud and Majnún.
- <u>32:1</u> Her father, Hátim of Tai, is proverbial in the East for his hospitality.
- <u>34:1</u> The story of the pulpit that wept when Mohammed descended from it occurs, I think, in the *Masnaví*.
- 35:1 When, according to Mohammedan belief, the sun will rise in the west.
- 35:2 A quotation from the Masnaví. The Prophet was buried at Medina.

- <u>36:1</u> Báyazíd of Bistám died in A.D. 875. He refused to eat a water-melon, saying he had no assurance that the Prophet had ever tasted that fruit.
- <u>36:2</u> Mohammed used to retire to a cave on Mount Hirá, near Mecca, for the purpose of solitary meditation and other ascetic observances.
- 37:1 Lát and Uzzá were goddesses worshipped by the heathen Arabs.
- 37:2 Fárán, name of a mountain in the neighbourhood of Mecca.
- <u>37:3</u> Koran, ch. 2, v. 28. In these words, which were addressed to the angels, God foretold the creation of Adam.

AsrarKhudi AdabiyatIslamiya

p. 60

VIII

Concerning the true nature of poetry and the reform of Islamic literature.

'TIS the brand of desire makes the blood of man run warm,

By the lamp of desire this dust is enkindled. 676 By desire Life's cup is brimmed with wine, So that Life leaps to its feet and marches briskly on.

Life is occupied with conquest alone, And the one charm for conquest is desire. Life is the hunter and desire the snare, 680 Desire is Love's message to Beauty. Wherefore doth desire swell continuously

p. 61

The bass and treble of Life's song?
Whatsoever is good and fair and beautiful
Is our guide in the wilderness of seeking.
Its image becomes impressed on thine heart, 685
It creates desires in thine heart.
Beauty is the creator of desire's spring-tide,
Desire is nourished by the display of Beauty.
'Tis in the poet's breast that Beauty unveils,
'Tis from his Sinai that Beauty's beams arise. 690
By his look the fair is made fairer,
Through his enchantments Nature is more beloved.
From his lips the nightingale hath learned her

song,

And his rouge hath brightened the cheek of the rose.

''در حقیقت شعر و اصلاح ادبیات اسلامیم''

گرم خون انسان ز داغ آرزو آتش ، این خاک از چراغ آرزو از تمنا مي بجام آمد حيات گرم خیز و تیزگام آمد حیات ز ندگی مضمون تسخیر است و بس آرزو افسون تسخير است و بس ز ندگی صید افکن و دام آر ز و حسن را از عشق بیغام آرزو از چہ رو خیزد تمنا دمبدم این نواے زندگی رازیر و بم ہر چہ باشد خوب و زیبا و جمیل در بیابان طلب ما را دلیل نقش او محکم نشبند در دلت آرزو با آفریند در دلت حسن خلاق بہار آرزوست جلوه اش پروردگار آرزوست سینہ ی شاعر تجلے زار حسن خیرزد از سینای او انروار حسن از نگ ایش خرب گردد خرب تر فطررت از افسرون او محبوب تر از دمیش بلبال نوا آموخیت است غازه اش رخسار گل افروخت است س وز او اندر دل پرواند ، عشصق را رنگ بن ازو افسانه ب بحر و بر پوشیده در آب و گلشین صد جهان تازه مضمر در دلش در دماغش نادمیده لالیم بیا ناش نیده نغم ، با هم نال ، با

p. 62

695 'Tis his passion burns in the heart of the moth,

'Tis he that lends glowing hues to love-tales. Sea and land are hidden within his water and clay, 1

A hundred new worlds are concealed in his heart. Ere tulips blossomed in his brain

700 There was heard no note of joy or grief. His music breathes o'er us a wonderful enchantment,

His pen draws a mountain with a single hair. His thoughts dwell with the moon and the stars, He creates beauty in that which is ugly and strange.

705 He is a Khizr, and amidst his darkness is the Fountain of Life: $\underline{2}$

p. 63

All things that exist are made more living by his tears.

Heavily we go, like raw novices,
Stumbling on the way to the goal.
His nightingale hath played a tune
And laid a plot to beguile us, 710
That he may lead us into Life's Paradise,
And that Life's bow may become a full circle.
Caravans march at the sound of his bell
And follow the voice of his pipe;
But when his zephyr blows in our gardens, 715
We stay loitering amongst tulips and roses.
His witchery makes Life develop itself
And become self-questioning and impatient.
He invites the whole world to his table;
He lavishes his fire as though it were cheap as air.
720

Woe to a people that resigns itself to death,

p. 64

And whose poet turns away from the joy of living!

His mirror shows beauty as ugliness, His honey leaves a hundred stings in the heart. 725 His kiss robs the rose of freshness, He takes away from the nightingale's heart the joy of flying.

Thy sinews are relaxed by his opium,
Thou payest for his song with thy life.
He bereaves the cypress of delight in its beauty,
730 His cold breath makes a pheasant of the male falcon.

فكر او با ماه و انجم منشين زشت را نا آشنا خوب آفرین خضر و در ظلمات او آب حیات زنده تر از آب چشمش کائنات ما گران سيريم و خام و ساده ايم در ره منزل زیاا افتاده ایک عندایب او نوا پرداخت است حیلہ ئے از بہر ما انداخت است تا کشد ما را بفر دوس حبات حلق ، ی کام ل شود قوس حیات کار و انهـــــا از در ایـــش گـــام ز ن چون نسیمش در ریاض ما وز د نرمک اندر لاله و گل می خرد از فریب ب او خرود افرزا زندگی خرود حساب و نا شکیبا ز ندگی ابال عالم را صالا بر خوان كند آتش خود را چو باد ارزان کند وای قومی کز اجل گیرد برات شـــاعرش وا بوســد از ذوق حيـات خوش نماید زشت را آئینه اش در جگ ر صد نشتر از نوشینه اش بوسے ی او تے از گی از گے ل بے رد ذوق پــــرواز از دل بلبـــــــــــ بـــرد سست ت اعصاب تو از افیون او زندگانی قیم ت مضمون او م ی رباید ذوق رعنائی ز سرو جره شابین از دم سردش تدرو مابی و از سینہ تا سر آدم است چون بنات آشیان اندر پر ماست از نــوا بـر ناخـدا افسـون زنـد کشتیش در قعر دریا افکند ____ بـایش از دلــت دز دد ثبــات رگ را از سحر او دانی حیات دایے ہی ہستی ز جان تے و برد ل عنابی زکان تو برد ون زیان پیرایی بندد سود را مے کند مذموم ہے رمحم و درا دریے اندیشہ انہ دازد تے را از عمل بیگانہ مے سازد ترا خستہ و ما از کلامش خستہ تے انجم ن از دور جامش خست، تسر جوی برقے نیست در نیسان او یک سراب رنگ و بسو بستان او He is a fish, and from the breast upward a man, Like the Sirens in the ocean. With his song he enchants the pilot And casts the ship to the bottom of the sea. 735 His melodies steal firmness from thine heart,

p. 65

His magic persuades thee that death is life. He takes from thy soul the desire of existence, He extracts from thy mine the blushing ruby. He dresses gain in the garb of loss, He makes everything praiseworthy blameful. 740 He plunges thee in a sea of thought, He makes thee a stranger to action. He is sick, and by his words our sickness is increased:

The more his cup goes round, the more sick are they that quaff it.

There are no lightning-rains in his April, 745 His garden is a mirage of colour and perfume. His beauty hath no dealings with Truth, There are none but flawed pearls in his sea. Slumber he deemed sweeter than waking:

p. 66750 Our fire was quenched by his breath. By the chant of his nightingale the heart was poisoned:

Under his heap of roses lurked a snake.
Beware of his decanter and cup!
Beware of his sparkling wine!
755 O thou whom his wine hath laid low
And who look'st to his glass for thy rising dawn,
O thou whose heart hath been chilled by his
melodies.

Thou hast drunk deadly poison through the ear! Thy way of life is a proof of thy degeneracy, 760 The strings of thine instrument are out of tune.

'Tis pampered ease hath made thee so wretched, A disgrace to Islam throughout the world. One can bind thee with the vein of a rose,p. 67One can wound thee with a zephyr.

Love hath been put to shame by thy wailing, 765 His fair picture hath been fouled by thy brush. Thy ill-usage hath paled his cheek,
Thy coldness hath taken the glow from his fire. He is heartsick from thy heart-sicknesses,
And enfeebled by thy feeblenesses. 770
His cup is full of childish tears,
His house is furnished with distressful sighs. 1
He is a drunkard begging at tavern-doors,
Stealing glimpses of beauty from lattices,
Unhappy, melancholy, injured, 775

حسن او را با صداقت کار نیست در پمش جے زگوہر تے ف دار نیست خواب را خوشتر زبیداری شمرد ــش مــا از نفســبایش فســرد قلب مسموم از سرود بلبش قاریب مسموم از سرود بلبش خفت ، ماری زیر انبار گلشن از خصم و مینا و جسامش الحذر از مسی آئین مفسامش الحذر ای زیا افتاده ی صهبای او ای دلت از نغمه بایش سرد جوش زبر قاتل خورده ئے از راه گوش ای دلیال انحطاط انداز ترو از نـــوا افتـــاد تـــار ســــاز تـــو آن چنان زار از تان آسانی شدی در جهان ننگ مسلمانی شدی از رکی گل می تران بستن تسرا از نسیمی مسی تسوان خستن تسرا عشق رسوا گشته از فریاد تو زشــــت رو تمثـــالش از بېــــزاد تـــو زرد از آزار تــــو رخســــار او سردے تے بردہ سے وز از نےار او خست، جان از خست، جانیهای تو نـــــاتوان از ناتوانیهـــای تــــو گربیمانی مافلانی در بیمانی اش کلف ت آبے متاع خانہ اش سر خوش از دریوزه ی میخانه با جلوه دزد روزن کاشسانه بسسا نا خوشی ، افسرده ئی، آزرده ئی از لگد کے وب نگہان مردہ ئے از غمان مانند نے کابیدہ ئے وز فلک صد شکوه بر لب چیده ئی لاب ہو کین جو ھر آئین ہاش نے اتوانی ھم در ین ہاش بست بخت و زبر دست و دون نهاد ناسرزا و ناامید و نامراد شـــيونش از جـان تــو ســرمايم بــرد لطف خواب از ديده ي بمسايم برد وای بر عشقی کے نیار او فسرد در حرم زائید و در بتخانه مرد

ای میان کیسه ات نقد سخن بر عیار زندگی او را برزن فکر روشن بین عمل را رببر است Kicked well-nigh to death by the warder;

p. 68Wasted like a reed by sorrows,
On his lips a store of complaints against Heaven.
Flattery and spite are the mettle of his mirror,
780 Helplessness his comrade of old;
A miserable base-born underling
Without worth or hope or object,
Whose lamentations have sucked the marrow
from thy soul

And driven off gentle sleep from thy neighbours' eves.

785 Alas for a love whose fire is extinct, A love that was born in the Holy Place and died in the house of idols! Oh, if thou hast the coin of poesy in thy purse, Rub it on the touchstone of Life! Clear-seeing thought shows the way to action, 790 As the lightning-flash precedes the thunder.

p. 69It behoves thee to meditate well concerning literature, It behoves thee to go back to the Arabs: Thou must needs give thine heart to the Salmá of Araby, 1

That the morn of the Hijáz may blossom from the night of Kurdistan. 2

Thou hast gathered roses from the garden of Persia 795

And seen the springtide of India and Iran:p. 70Now taste a little of the heat of the desert, Drink the old wine of the date!
Lay thine head for once on its hot breast, 800 Yield thy body awhile to its scorching wind! For a long time thou hast turned about on a bed

of silk:
Now accustom thyself to rough cotton!
For generations thou hast danced on tulips
And bathed thy cheek in dew, like the rose:
805 Now throw thyself on the burning sand
And plunge into the fountain of Zemzem!

How long wilt thou fain lament like the nightingale?

How long make thine abode in gardens? O thou whose auspicious snare would do honour to the Phœnix,

810 Build a nest on the high mountains,

p. 71A nest embosomed in lightning and thunder, Loftier than eagle's eyrie,

That thou mayst be fit for Life's battle,

That thy body and soul may burn in Life's fire!

چون درخش برق پیش از تندر است فكر صالح در ادب مى بايدت رجعتى سوى عرب مى بايدت دل بـــ سلمای عــرب باید سیرد تادمد صبح حجاز از شام کرد از چمن زار عجم گل چیده ئی نو بهار بندو ایسران دیده ئے اندکی از گرمسی صدرا بخسور باده ی دبر بنام از خر ما بخاور ر یکے اندر بر گرمش بدہ تــن دمـــي بـــا صر صـــر گــر مش بـــده مدتی غلطیده ئے اندر حریبر خے و بے کر پاس در شتی ہے بگیے قرنها بر لالم با كوبيده ئكى عارض از شبنم چو گل شوئیده ئے خویش ر بر ریگ سوزان بم بزن غوطــــ انــدر چشــم ي زمــزم بــزن مثٰ ل بلب ل ذوق شبون تا كجا در چمنن زاران نشیمن تا کجیا ای هما آزیمان دامت ارجمند آشیانی ساز بر کوه باند آشیانی برق و تندر در بری از کنام جره بازان برتری تا شوی در خورد پیکار حیات جسم و جانت سوزد از نار حیات

Footnotes

- <u>62:1</u> *I.e.* in his body.
- 62:2 Khizr, according to the legend, discovered the Fountain of Life in the Land of Darkness.
- <u>67:1</u> In this passage the author assails the Persian and Urdu poetry so much in favour with his contemporaries.
- <u>69:1</u> Arabic odes usually begin with a prelude in which the poet makes mention of his beloved; and her name is often Salmá. Here "the Salmá of Araby" refers to the Koran and the ideals for which it stands.
- 69:2 It is related that an ignorant Kurd came to some students and besought them to instruct him in the mysteries of Sufism. They told him that he must fasten a rope to the roof of his house, then tie the loose end to his feet and suspend himself, head downwards; and that he must remain in this posture as long as possible, reciting continually some words of gibberish which they taught him. The poor man did not perceive that he was being mocked. He followed their instructions and passed the whole night repeating the words given him. God rewarded his faith and sincerity by granting him illumination, so that he became a saint and could discourse learnedly on the most abstruse matters of mystical theology. Afterwards he used to say, "In the evening I was a Kurd, but the next morning I was an Arab."

Asrar Khudi Young Man of Marv comes to AliHujweri XI

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X

Setting forth the inner meanings of the names of Ali.

ALI is the first Moslem and the King of men,

In Love's eyes Ali is the treasure of the Faith. Devotion to his family inspires me with life So that I am as a shining pearl.

Like the narcissus, I am enraptured with gazing;

Like perfume, I am straying through his pleasure-garden. 970

If holy water gushes from my earth, he is the source;

p. 86

If wine pours from my grapes, he is the cause.

I am dust, but his sun hath made me as a

''در شرح اسرار اسمای علی مرتضی''

مسلم اول شہم مردان علیے عشیق را سرمایہ ی ایمان علیے از ولای دودم انش زندہ ام در جہان مثال گہر ر تابندہ ام نرگسہ و ارفتہ ی نظیارہ ام در خیابانش چوبو بوبو آوارہ ام می اگر ریزد ز تاک من از وست می اگر و از مہر ر او آئینہ ام می توان دید دن نوا در سینہ ام ملیت حق از شکوہش فر گرفت ملیت حق از شکوہش فر گرفت ملیت حق از شکوہش فر گرفت کائنسات آئی بین پر خواند در ام الکتاب مرسل حق کرد نیامش بوتراب مرسر کے دانیای رموز زندگیست

mirror:

Song can be seen in my breast.

975 From Ali's face the Prophet drew a fair omen,

By his majesty the true religion is glorified. His commandments are the strength of Islam: All things pay allegiance to his House.

The Apostle of God gave him the name Bú Turáb;

980 God in the Koran called him "the Hand of Allah."

Every one that is acquainted with Life's mysteries

Knows what is the inner meaning of the names of Ali.

The dark clay, whose name is the body— Our reason is ever bemoaning its iniquity.

p. 87

On account of it our sky-reaching thought plods o'er the earth; 985

It makes our eyes blind and our ears deaf. It hath in its hand a two-edged sword of lust: Travellers' hearts are broken by this brigand. Ali, the Lion of God, subdued the body's clay And transmuted this dark earth to gold. 990 Murtazá, by whose sword the splendour of Truth was revealed,

Is named Bú Turáb from his conquest of the body. 1

Man wins territory by prowess in battle, But his brightest jewel is mastery of himself. 995

Whosoever in the world becomes a Bú Turáb Turns back the sun from the west; 2

p. 88

Whosoever saddles tightly the steed of the body

Sits like the bezel on the seal of sovereignty: Here the might of Khaibar is under his feet, 1 And hereafter his hand will distribute 1000 the water of Kauthar. 2

Through self-knowledge he acts as God's Hand,

And in virtue of being God's Hand he reigns over all.

His person is the gate of the city of the sciences:

سر اسمای علے داند کے جیست خاک تاریکی کے نام او تن است عقل از بیداد او در شیون است فكر كردون رس زمين پيما ازو چشم کرور و گروش ناش<u>نوا ازو</u> از بـــوس تيــغ دو رو دارد بدسـت ربروان را دل برین ربزن شکست شیر حق این خاک را تسخیر کرد ایر ک ل تاریک را اکسیر کرد مرتضی کز تیغ او حق روشن است بـــوتراب از فـــتح اقلـــيم تـــن اســـت مرد کشور گیر از کراری است گـــوېرش را آبـــرو خـــودداري اســـت بر کے در آفاق گردد بوتراب بـــاز گردانــد ز مغــرب آفتــاب بےر کے زین بےر مرکب تین تنگ بست چون نگین بر خاتم دولت نشست زير ياش اينجا شكوه خيير است دست او آنجا قسیم کوثر است از خود آگاہے یہ داللہی کند از یہ داللہی شہنشاہی کند حکمران باید شدن بر خاک خویش تا مے روشن خوری از تاک خویش خاک گشتن م ذہب پروانگیست خاک را اب شو کے این مردانگیست سنگ شے ای ہمجے گل نازک بدن تے اشے وے بنیاد دیے وار چمے ن از گـــل خـــود آدمــــي تعميـــر كـــن آدم ہے را عالمی تعمیر کن گــر بنـا سـازی نــه دیـوار و دری خشت از خاک تو بند دیگری ای ز جور چرخ ناہنجار تنگ جام تو فریادی بیداد سنگ ___ و فرياد و ماتم تا كجا؟ س بنہ کوبیہ ای پ یہم تا کجا؟ در عمل ل يوشده مضمون حيات ل ذت تَخْلِي قَ فَ انُونَ حِيات خير و خدلاق جهان تازه شرو شعلہ در بر کئن خلیال آوازہ شو با جهان نامساعد ساختن بست در میدان سیر انداختن مرد خودداری کے باشد پختے کار Arabia, China, and Greece are subject to him. 1005 If thou wouldst drink clear wine from thine own grapes,

Thou must needs wield authority over thine own earth.

p. 89

To become earth is the creed of a moth; Be a conqueror of earth; that alone is worthy of a man.

Thou art soft as a rose. Become hard as a stone.

That thou mayst be the foundation of the wall of the garden! 1010

Build thy clay into a Man,

Build thy Man into a World!

If thou art unfit to be either a wall or a door, Some one else will make bricks of thine earth.

O thou who complainest of the cruelty of Heaven, 1015

Thou whose glass cries out against the injustice of the stone,

How long this wailing and crying and lamentation?

How long this perpetual beating of thy breast?

The pith of Life is contained in action, To delight in creation is the law of Life. 1020

p. 90

Arise and create a new world!
Wrap thyself in flames, be an Abraham! 1
To comply with this ill-starred world
Is to fling away thy buckler on the field of battle.

1025 The man of strong character who is master of himself

Will find Fortune complaisant.

If the world does not comply with his humour,

He will try the hazard of war with Heaven; He will dig up the foundations of the universe

1030 And cast its atoms into a new mould. He will subvert the course of Time And wreck the azure firmament. By his own strength he will produce A new world which will do his pleasure.

ـــا مـــــــزاج او بســــــاز د روزگــــــار _ر نسازد بام زاج او جهان ے شود جنگ آزما با آسمان ر کند بنید اد موج ودات را کی دہد ترکیب بنسو ذرات را گـــردش ایـــام را بـــر هم زنـــد __رخ نیا___ ف ام را بــرم زنــد م ی کند از قوت خود آشکار روزگے ار نو کے باشد سازگار در جهان نتوان اگر مردانه زیست ہمچے و مرردان جانسےپردن زندگیسے آز ماید در احب قلب سایم زور خود را از مهمات عظیم عشق با دشوار ورزیدن خوشست چون خلیل از شعلم گلچیدن خوشست ممکنات قوت مردان کار گــــر دد از مشـــــکل پســـــند*ی* آشـــــکار حربہ ی دون ہمتان کین است و بسس زندگی را این یک آئین است و بسس زندگانے قصوت پیداستی اصل او از ذوق استیلاستی

__و بیجا سردی خـون حیات سکتہ ئے در بیت موزون حیات ہر کہ در قعر مذات ماندہ است ناتوانی را قناعیت خوانده است اتوانے زندگی را رہنزن است بطنش أز خوف و دروغ أبستن است از مکــــارم انـــدرون او تهـــی اســت شــــيرش از بهـــر ذمـــائم فربهــــي اســـت بوشیار ای صاحب عقال سایم در کمینہ امسی نشیند ایسن غنیم گ ر خردمندی فریب او مخرود مثل حر با ہر زمان رنگش دگر ش کل او اه ل نظر نشاختند ___رده ب___ا ب__ر روی او انداختند اه او را رحمه و نرمه پیسرده دار گ اه می پوشد ردای انکسار اه او مستور در مجبوری است گاه پنهان در ته معذوری است __ره در شکل تـن آسانی نمـود دُّنُ ز دست صاحب قوت ربود با تو انائی صداقت ترو أم است گر خود آگاہی ہمین جام جے است If one cannot live in the world as 1035 beseems a man,

p. 91

It is true life to give up one's soul. He that hath sound intelligence Will prove his strength by great enterprises. 'Tis sweet to use love in hard tasks And, like Abraham, to gather roses from flames. 1 1040

The potentialities of men of action Are displayed in willing acceptance of what is difficult.

Mean spirits have no weapon but spite, This is their one rule of life.

But Life is power made manifest, 1043 And its mainspring is the desire for victory. Mercy out of season is a coldness of Life's blood,

A break in the rhythm of Life's music. Whoever is sunk in the depths of ignominy Calls his weakness contentment. 1050

p. 92

Weakness is the plunderer of Life, Its womb is teeming with fears and lies. Its soul is empty of virtues, Its milk is a fattening for vices. 1055 O man of sound judgement, beware! This spoiler is lurking in ambush. Be not his dupe, if thou art wise: Chameleon-like, he changes colour every moment.

Even by keen observers his form is not discerned:

1060 Veils are thrown over his face. Now he is muffled in pity and gentleness, Now he wears the cloak of humility. Sometimes he is disguised as a victim of oppression,

Sometimes as one whose sins are to be excused.

1065 He appears in the shape of self-indulgence

And robs the strong man's heart of courage.

رندگی کشت است و حاصل قوتست شرح رمز حق و باطل قوتست مدعی گر مایسه دار از قوت است دعوی او بسط از قوت است باطل از قوت است باطل از قوت پردشان حق باطل از قوت داند از بطلان حق از کویش را حق داند از بطلان حق از کوید شری شود خیر را گوید شری شدود این آداب امانی تبیخب را ای ز آداب امانی ویش را بهتر شمو از دو عالم خویش را بهتر شمو از دو عالم خویش را بهتر شمو از رموز زندگی آگیاه شود طیام و جاب ل ز غیر الله شود چشم و گوش و لب گشا ای بوشمند گر نبینی راه حق بر من بخند

''حکایت نوجوانی از مرو کہ پیش حضرت سید مخدوم علی هجویری رحمة الله علیہ آمده از ستم اعدا فریاد کرد''

بند ہای کو ہسار آسان گسیخت در زمنین بند تخدم سدده ریخت عهد فاروق از جمالش تازه شد حق ز حرف او بلند آوازه شد باسبان عزت ام الكتاب از نگے ایش خانے ی باطے ل خے ر اب خاک پنجاب از دم او زنده گشت صبح ما از مهر او تابنده گشت عاشیق و هیم قاصید طیار عشیق از جبیینش آشیکار اسیرار عشیق داستانی از کم الش سر کانم گاشنی در غنچہ ئے مضمر کنم نوجواني قامتش بالاچو سرو وأرد لابـــور شــد از شــهر مــرو رف ت پ يش س يد والأ جن آب ا رباید ظلمتش را آفتاب گفت " ''محصور صفّ اعداستم در میان سنگها میناستم با من آموز ای شے گردون مکان زندگی کردن میان دشمنان" پیر دانائی کے در ذاتش جمال بستہ بیمان محبت باجلال گفت " ''ای نامحرم از راز حیات Strength is the twin of Truth;

If thou knowest thyself, strength is the Truth-revealing glass.

Life is the seed, and power the crop: Power explains the mystery of truth and falsehood. 1070

The false claimant, if he be possessed of power,

Needs no argument for his claim.

Falsehood derives from power the authority of truth,

And by falsifying truth deems itself true. Its creative word transforms poison into nectar; 1075

It says to Good, "Thou art bad," and Good becomes Evil.

O thou that art heedless of the trust committed to thee,

Esteem thyself superior to both worlds! 1

p. 94

Gain knowledge of Life's mysteries! 1080 Be a tyrant! Ignore all except God! O man of understanding, open thine eyes, ears, and lips! 1

If then thou seest not the Way of Truth, laugh at me!

Footnotes

- <u>87:1</u> Murtazá, "he whom with God is pleased," is a name of Ali. Bú Turáb means literally "father of earth."
- 87:2 A miracle of the Prophet.
- 88:1 The fortress of Khaibar, a village in the Hijáz, was captured by the Moslems in A.D. 628. Ali performed great feats of valour on this occasion.
- 88:2 A river of Paradise.
- 90:1 See note on 1. 213.
- 91:1 The burning pyre on which Abraham was thrown lost its heat and was transformed

ف ارغ از اندیش می اغیار شو قـــوت خوابيــده ئـــي بيــدار شــو ســنگ جــون بــر خــود گمــان شیشــہ کــر د شیشے گر دید و شکستن بیشے کر د ناتوان خود را اگر ربرو شرو شرد نقد جان خویش با رہزن سپرد تا کجا خود را شماری ماء و طین از گــل خــود شــعلہ ي طــور آفــرين باعزیران سرگران بودن چرا حوه سنج دشمنان بودن چرا راست مے گویم عدو ہم پار تست بستی او رونیق بازار تست بر کے دانای مقامات خو دی است ، فضل حق داند اگر دشمن قوی است کشت انسان را عدو باشد سحاب ممکنیاتش را برانگیازد ز خرواب سنگ ره آبست اگر بمت قویست سيل را يست و باند جاده چيست؟ سنگ ره گردد فسان تیغ عزم قطع منزل امتحان تيغ عزم مثل حيوان خور دن ، آسو دن جسود گر بخود محکم نے ئے بودن چسود خویش را چون از خودی محکم کنی تو اگر خواہی جہان برهم کنی گـــر فنـــا خـــوابي ز خـــود آزاد شـــو گر بقا خواہی بخود آباد شو چیست مردن از خودی غافل شدن تو چہ پنداری فراق جان و تن در خودی کن صورت پوسف ، مقام از اسیری تا شهنشایی خرام از خودی اندیش و مرد کار شو مرد حق شو حامل اسرار شو شرح راز از داستانها می کنم غنج م از زور نفسس وا مسى كنم ''خوشتر آن باشد كه سر دابران گفتہ آیہ در حدیث دیگران''

''حکایت طایری کہ از تشنگی بیتاب بود''

ط ایری از تشنگی بیت اب بود در تناو دم مثال مسوج دود ریازه الماس در گلازار دید into a rose-garden.

93:1 The "trust" which God offered to Man and which Man accepted, after it had been refused by Heaven and Earth (Koran, ch. 33, v. 72), is the divine vicegerency, *i.e.* the duty of displaying the divine attributes.

94:1 A parody of the verse in the Masnaví quoted above. See 1. 603.

p. 95

XI

Story of a young man of Merv who came to the saint Ali Hujwírí—God have mercy on him!—and complained that he was oppressed by his enemies.

THE saint of Hujwír was venerated by the peoples,

And Pír-i Sanjar visited his tomb as a pilgrim. 1 With ease he broke down the mountain-barriers loss

And sowed the seed of Islam in India. The age of Omar was restored by his godliness,

p. 96

The fame of the Truth was exalted by his words. He was a guardian of the honour of the Koran, 1090 The house of Falsehood fell in ruins at his gaze.

The dust of the Panjáb was brought to life by his breath,

Our dawn was made splendid by his sun. He was a lover, and withal a courier of Love: The secrets of Love shone forth from his brow. 1095 I will tell a story of his perfection And enclose a whole rose-bed in a single bud. A young man, cypress-tall, Came from the town of Merv to Lahore. He went to see the venerable saint, 1100 That the sun might dispel his darkness. I am hemmed in," he said, "by foes; I am as a glass in the midst of stones.

p. 97

Do thou teach me, O sire of heavenly rank, How to lead my life amongst enemies!"

تشـــــنگی نظـــار ه ی آب آفریــــد از فریب بریبزه ی خورشبید تاب مــــرغ نــــادان ســـنگ را بنداشــــت آب مایے اسدوز نے از گیو هر نشد زد برو منقار و کیامش تیر نشد ___ت الم_اس اي گرفتكار بـوس تیز بر من کرده منقار بوس ___ره ی آب___ نیم ساقی نیم مےن براے دیگے ران بے اقی نہیم قصــــــد آزارم کنـــــی دیوانـــــہ ئـــــ از حیات خیود نمیا بیگانی، ئ آب م ن منق ار مرغ ان بش كند آدم ہے را گ و ہر جان بشکند ط ابر از الم اس ك ام دل نباف ت روی خویش از ریزه ی تابنده تافت حسرت اندر سینه اش آباد گشت در گلے وی او نے وافر بے اد گشے ت ره ی شبنم سر شاخ گلی تاف ت مثال السك چشم بابا تــــاب او محـــو ســـياس آفتـــاب کوکــــب رم خـــوی گـــردون زاده ئــــ<u>ی</u> یک دم از ذوق نم و د استاده ئے صد فریب از غنجہ و گل خور دہ ئے بہرہ ئے از زندگے نا بردہ ئے ن . مثـ ل اشـ ک عاشـ ق دلـ داده ئـــي زیب مزگانی چکید آماده ئی مرغ مضطر زير شاخ گل رسيد در در انش قطره ی شبنم چکید ای کے مے خواہی ز دشمن جان بری از تو پرسے قطرہ ئے پاگوہری؟ چون ز سوز تشنگی طایر گداخت از حیات دیگری سر مایم ساخت قط ره سخت اندام و گویر خو نبود ربيزه ي الماس بيود و او نبيود غافل از حفظ خودی یک دم مشو ریے زہ ہے الماس شے و شہدے مشے بختہ فطر ت صورت کہسار باش حامل صد ابر دریا بار باش خویش را دریاب از ایجاب خویش سے یہ شے و از بستن سےماب خے ویش نغمہ ئے بیدا کن از تار خودی آشکار اساز اسر ار خودی The wise Director, in whose nature 1105

Love had allied mercy with wrath,

Answered: "Thou art unread in Life's lore,

Careless of its end and its beginning.

Be without fear of others!

Thou art a sleeping force: awake! 1110

When the stone was anxious on account of the glass,

It became glass and got into the way of breaking.

If the traveller thinks himself weak,

He delivers his soul unto the brigand.

How long wilt thou regard thyself as water and clay? 1115

Create from thy clay a flaming Sinai!

Why be angry with mighty men?

Why complain of enemies?

I will declare the truth: thine enemy is thy friend;

p. 981120 His existence crowns thee with glory. Whosoever knows the states of the Self Considers a powerful enemy to be a blessing from God.

To the seed of Man the enemy is as a rain-cloud: He awakens its potentialities.

1125 If thy spirit be strong, the stones in thy way are as water:

What reeks the torrent of the ups and downs of the road?

The sword of resolution is whetted by the stones in the way

And put to proof by traversing stage after stage. What is the use of eating and sleeping like a beast?

1130 What is the use of being, unless thou have strength in thyself?

When thou mak'st thyself strong with Self, Thou wilt destroy the world at thy pleasure.

p. 99If thou wouldst pass away, become free of Self;

If thou wouldst live, become full of Self! $\underline{1}$ What is death? To become oblivious to Self. 1135

Why imagine that it is the parting of soul and body?

Abide in Self, like Joseph!

Advance from captivity to empire!

Think of Self and be a man of action!

Be a man of God, bear mysteries within!" 1140

I will explain the matter by means of stories, I will open the bud by the power of my breath. "'Tis better that a lovers' secret Should be told by the lips of others." 2

Footnotes

95:1 Hujwírí, author of the oldest Persian treatise on Sufism, was a native of Ghazna in Afghanistan. He died at Lahore about A.D. 1072. Pír-i Sanjar is the renowned saint, Mu'ínuddín, head of the Chishtí order of dervishes, who died in A. n. 1235 at Ajmír.

<u>99:1</u> These lines correct the Súfí doctrine that by means of passing away from individuality the mystic attains to everlasting life in God.

<u>99:2</u> *I.e.* allegorically. This verse occurs in the *Masnaví*.

p. 100XII

Story of the bird that was faint with thirst.

1145 A BIRD was faint with thirst, The breath in his body was heaving like waves of smoke.

He saw a diamond in the garden:

Thirst created a vision of water.

Deceived by the sunbright stone

1150 The foolish bird fancied that it was water.

He got no moisture from the gem:

He pecked it with his beak, but it did not wet his palate.

"O thrall of vain desire," said the diamond,

p. 101"Thou hast sharpened thy greedy beak on me;

But I am not a dewdrop, I give no drink, 1155 I do not live for the sake of others.

Wouldst thou hurt me? Thou art mad!

A life that reveals the Self is strange to thee.

My water will shiver the beaks of birds

And break the jewel of man's life." 1 1160

The bird won not his heart's wish from the diamond

And turned away from the sparkling stone.

Disappointment swelled in his breast,

The song in his throat became a wail.

Upon a rose-twig a drop of dew 1165 Gleamed like the tear in a nightingale's eye: All its glitter was owing to the sun, It was trembling in fear of the sun

p. 102

A restless sky-born star 1170 That had stopped for a moment, from desire to be seen;

Oft deceived by bud and flower,

It had gained nothing from Life.

There it hung, ready to drop,

Like a tear on the eyelashes of a lover who hath lost his heart.

1175 The sorely distressed bird hopped under the rose-bush,

The dewdrop trickled into his mouth.

O thou that wouldst deliver thy soul from enemies,

I ask thee—"Art thou a drop of water or a gem?"

When the bird melted in the fire of thirst, 1190 It appropriated the life of another. The drop was not solid and gem-like; The diamond had a being, the drop had none. Never for an instant neglect Self-

preservation:

p. 103

Be a diamond, not a dewdrop!
Be massive in nature, like mountains, 1185
And bear on thy crest a hundred clouds laden with floods of rain!
Save thyself by affirmation of Self,
Compress thy quicksilver into silver ore!
Produce a melody from the string of Self,
Make manifest the secrets of Self! 1190

Footnotes

 $\underline{101:1}$ *I.e.* if he swallow a diamond, he will die.

85

X

Setting forth the inner meanings of the names of Ali.

ALI is the first Moslem and the King of men,

In Love's eyes Ali is the treasure of the Faith. Devotion to his family inspires me with life So that I am as a shining pearl.

Like the narcissus, I am enraptured with gazing;

Like perfume, I am straying through his pleasure-garden. 970

If holy water gushes from my earth, he is the source;

p. 86

If wine pours from my grapes, he is the

I am dust, but his sun hath made me as a mirror:

Song can be seen in my breast.

975 From Ali's face the Prophet drew a fair omen,

By his majesty the true religion is glorified. His commandments are the strength of Islam: All things pay allegiance to his House.

The Apostle of God gave him the name Bú Turáb;

980 God in the Koran called him "the Hand of Allah."

Every one that is acquainted with Life's mysteries

Knows what is the inner meaning of the names of Ali.

The dark clay, whose name is the body— Our reason is ever bemoaning its iniquity.

p. 87

On account of it our sky-reaching thought plods o'er the earth; 985

It makes our eyes blind and our ears deaf. It hath in its hand a two-edged sword of lust: Travellers' hearts are broken by this brigand.

''در شرح اسرار اسمای علی مرتضی''

مسلم اول شہ مردان علے عشق را سرمایہ ی ایمان علے از ولای دودم انش زندہ ام در جہان مثال گہار تابندہ ام نرگس م وارفت ، ی نظ اره ام در خیاب انش جے و بے و آوارہ ام زمزم ار جوشد ز خاک من از وست مے اگر ریزد ز تاک من ازوست خ اکم و از مهر او آئین م م ے توان دیا دن نوا در سینہ ام از رخ او فــــال پيغمبـــر گرفـــت ملت حق از شکویش فرگرفت ق و ت دې ن مې بن فر م و ده اش كائن ات آئى ين پدير از دوده اش مرسل حق كرد نامش بوتراب حـــق ''يــــدالله'' خوانــــد در ام الكتــــاب بر کے دانیای رموز زندگیست سر اسمای علی داند کے چیست خاک تاریکی کے نام او تن است عقل از بیداد او در شیون است فكر كرون رس زمين پيما ازو چشے کے ور و گے وش ناشے نوا ازو از بروس تیع دو رو دارد بدست ربروان را دل برین ربرزن شکست شیر حق این خاک را تسخیر کرد ایے ن گے ل تاریک را اکسیر کے رد مرتضی کر تیخ او حق روشن است بوتراب از فتح اقليم تنن أست مرد کشور گیر از کراری است گے ویرش را آبرو خے ودداری است ہـــر کـــــ در آفــــاق گــــردد بــــوتراب باز گرداند ز مغرب آفتاب بےر کے زین بےر مرکب تین تنگ بست چون نگین بر خاتم دولت نشست زبر باش ابنجا شکوه خبیر است دس ب او آنج اقس يم كوثر است از خود آگاہے یہ داللہی کند از یہ داللہی کند داللہی شہنشاہی شہنشاہی کند داللہی شہنشاہی کند داللہی کند داللہی کند دات او دروازہ ی شہر علی وم Ali, the Lion of God, subdued the body's clay And transmuted this dark earth to gold. 990 Murtazá, by whose sword the splendour of Truth was revealed,

Is named Bú Turáb from his conquest of the body. 1

Man wins territory by prowess in battle, But his brightest jewel is mastery of himself.

Whosoever in the world becomes a Bú Turáb Turns back the sun from the west; 2

p. 88

Whosoever saddles tightly the steed of the body

Sits like the bezel on the seal of sovereignty: Here the might of Khaibar is under his feet, 1 And hereafter his hand will distribute 1000 the water of Kauthar. 2

Through self-knowledge he acts as God's Hand,

And in virtue of being God's Hand he reigns over all.

His person is the gate of the city of the sciences:

Arabia, China, and Greece are subject to him. 1005 If thou wouldst drink clear wine from thine own grapes,

Thou must needs wield authority over thine own earth.

p. 89

To become earth is the creed of a moth; Be a conqueror of earth; that alone is worthy of a man.

Thou art soft as a rose. Become hard as a stone,

That thou mayst be the foundation of the wall of the garden! 1010

Build thy clay into a Man,

Build thy Man into a World!

If thou art unfit to be either a wall or a door, Some one else will make bricks of thine earth.

O thou who complainest of the cruelty of Heaven, 1015

Thou whose glass cries out against the injustice of the stone,

How long this wailing and crying and

زيـــر فرمــانش حجــاز و چـــين و روم حکمر ان باید شدن بر خاک خویش تا مے روشن خوری از تاک خویش اک گشتن م ذبب بروانگیست خاک را اب شو کے این مردانگیست سنگ شو ای بمچو گل نازی بدن تے اشہوے بنیاد دیے وار جمن از گــــل خـــود آدمــــــى تعميـــــر كـــــن آدم_____ را عالمي تعمير كين گر بنا سازی نه دیسوار و دری خشــــت از خــــاک تــــو بنــــدد دیگــــر *ی* ای ز جـــور چـــرخ ناہنجـــار تنـــگ جام تو فریادی بیداد سنگ نالــــ و فربــاد و مــاتم تـــا كجــا؟ سینہ کوبیہای پیم تا کجا؟ در عمل پوشیده مضمون حیات ر نت تخليق قانون حيات شعلہ در بر کن خلیا آوازہ شو باجهان نامساعد ساختن مردخودداری کے باشد بختہ کار بے مے زاج او بسے ازد روزگے ار ر نساز د با مرزاج او جهان مے شود جنگ آز ما با آسمان ب ر کند بنیاد موج و دات ر ا ___ دې د ترکي ب نـــو ذرات را ___ردش ایـــام را بـــرهم زنـــد ـــرخ نیلــــی فـــام را بــــرېم زنــــد مے کند از قوت خود آشکار روزگار نے وکے باشد سازگار در جہان نتوان اگر مردانہ زیست ہمچے مے ردان جانسےپردن زندگیسے أزماي د صاحب قلب سايم زور خود را از مهمات عظیم عشق با دشوار ورزیدن خوشست چون خلیل از شعلم گلچیدن خوشست ممکنات قوت مردان کار گردد از مشکل بسندی آشکار حربہ ی دون ہمتان کین است و بسس زندگی را این یک آئین است و بسس زندگانے قوت بیداستی ____ل او از ذوق استيلاسيي

lamentation?

How long this perpetual beating of thy breast?

The pith of Life is contained in action, To delight in creation is the law of Life. 1020

p. 90

Arise and create a new world! Wrap thyself in flames, be an Abraham! 1 To comply with this ill-starred world Is to fling away thy buckler on the field of battle.

1025 The man of strong character who is master of himself

Will find Fortune complaisant.

If the world does not comply with his humour,

He will try the hazard of war with Heaven; He will dig up the foundations of the universe

1030 And cast its atoms into a new mould. He will subvert the course of Time And wreck the azure firmament. By his own strength he will produce A new world which will do his pleasure. If one cannot live in the world as 1035 beseems a man,

p. 91

It is true life to give up one's soul. He that hath sound intelligence Will prove his strength by great enterprises. 'Tis sweet to use love in hard tasks And, like Abraham, to gather roses from flames. <u>1</u> 1040

The potentialities of men of action Are displayed in willing acceptance of what is difficult.

Mean spirits have no weapon but spite, This is their one rule of life.

But Life is power made manifest, 1043 And its mainspring is the desire for victory. Mercy out of season is a coldness of Life's blood,

A break in the rhythm of Life's music. Whoever is sunk in the depths of ignominy Calls his weakness contentment. 1050 عفو بیجا سردی خون حیات سکتہ ئے در بیت موزون حیات بر کے در قعر مذات ماندہ است ناتوانی را قناعیت خوانده است ناتوانم زندگی را ربازن است بط نش آز خوف و دروغ آبستن است از مكــــارم انـــدرون او تېــــى اســت شــــيرش از بهـــر ذمــائم فربهـــى اســت بوشیار ای صاحب عقال سایم در کمینہ اسی نشیند ایان غنیم گــــر خر دمنــــدی فریــــب او مخــــود مثل حر بابر زمان رنگش دگر شکل او اهل نظر نشاختند رده بابر روی او انداختند اه او را رحم و نرمی پسرده دار اه می پوشد ر دای انکسار اه او مستور در مجبوری است اه بنهان در ته مع ذوری است چهره در شکل تن آسانی نمود دل ز دست صاحب قوت ربود با توانائي صداقت توأم است گر خود آگاہی ہمین جام جے است زندگی کشت است و حاصل قوتست شرح رمز حق و باطل قوتست مدعی گر ماید، دار از قوت است دعوی او بے نیاز از حجت است باطل از قوت بندرد شان حق خویش را حق داند از بطلان حق از کے ن او زھے کے وثر مے شہود خیر را گوید شری ، شر مے شود ای ز آداب امان ت بیخب ر از دو عالم خویش را بهتر شمر چشم و کوش و لب گشا ای بوشمند گر نبینی راه حق بر من بخدد

''حکایت نوجوانی از مرو که پیش حضرت سید مخدوم علی هجویری رحمة الله علیم از ستم اعدا فریاد کرد''

 p. 92

Weakness is the plunderer of Life, Its womb is teeming with fears and lies. Its soul is empty of virtues,

Its milk is a fattening for vices.

1055 O man of sound judgement, beware! This spoiler is lurking in ambush.

Be not his dupe, if thou art wise:

Chameleon-like, he changes colour every moment.

Even by keen observers his form is not discerned:

1060 Veils are thrown over his face.

Now he is muffled in pity and gentleness, Now he wears the cloak of humility.

Sometimes he is disguised as a victim of oppression,

Sometimes as one whose sins are to be excused.

1065 He appears in the shape of self-indulgence

And robs the strong man's heart of courage.

p. 93

Strength is the twin of Truth;

If thou knowest thyself, strength is the Truth-revealing glass.

Life is the seed, and power the crop: Power explains the mystery of truth and falsehood. 1070

The false claimant, if he be possessed of power,

Needs no argument for his claim.

Falsehood derives from power the authority of truth,

And by falsifying truth deems itself true. Its creative word transforms poison into nectar; 1075

It says to Good, "Thou art bad," and Good becomes Evil.

O thou that art heedless of the trust committed to thee,

Esteem thyself superior to both worlds! 1

n 94

Gain knowledge of Life's mysteries!

در زمین بند تخصم سیجده ریخت عبد فاروق از جمالش تازه شد حـــق ز حـــرف او بلنـــد آوازه شـــد پاسبان عرب زت ام الکتاب اب از نگابش خانه ی باطال خراب خاک پنجاب از دم او زنده گشت صبح ما از مهر او تابنده گشت عاشق و هم قاصد طير عشق از جبید نش آشکار اسر از عشق داستنانی از کم الش سر کنم گلشنے در غنجہ ئے مضمر کنم نوجواني قامتش بالاجو سرو وارد لاہـــور شــد از شـــهر مــرو رف ت يش سيد والأجناب تارباید ظلمیش را آفتاب گفت " ''محصور صف اعداستم در میان سنگها میناستم با من آموز ای شے گردون مکان زندگی کردن میان دشمنان'' پیر دانائی کے در ذاتش جمال تہ بیمان محبت با جالال گفیت ''ای نیامحرم از راز حیات غافل از انجام و آغار ديات ف از اندیش کی اغیار شو ق وت خوابیده ئی بیدار شو سنگ جون بر خود گمان شیشہ کرد شیشے گردید و شکستن بیشے کرد نساتوان خسود را اگسر ربسرو شسمرد نقد جان خویش با رہزن سیرد تا کجا خود را شماری ماء و طین از گل خود شعلہ ی طور آفرین با عزیرزان سرگران بودن چرا شکوه سنج دشمنان بودن چررا راست می گویم عدو بم یار تست بستی او رونی ق بازار تست فضل حق داند اگر دشمن قوی است کشت انسان را عدو باشد سحاب ممکناتش را برانگیازد زخرواب سنگ ره آبست اگر بمت قویست سبل را بست و باند جاده جبست؟ ســـنگ ره گـــردد فســان تيـــغ عـــزم قطع منزل امتحان تيغ عزم مثل حيوان خوردن ، آسودن چسود 1080 Be a tyrant! Ignore all except God! O man of understanding, open thine eyes, ears, and lips! 1

If then thou seest not the Way of Truth, laugh at me!

Footnotes

- 87:1 Murtazá, "he whom with God is pleased," is a name of Ali. Bú Turáb means literally "father of earth."
- 87:2 A miracle of the Prophet.
- 88:1 The fortress of Khaibar, a village in the Hijáz, was captured by the Moslems in A.D. 628. Ali performed great feats of valour on this occasion.
- 88:2 A river of Paradise.
- 90:1 See note on 1. 213.
- <u>91:1</u> The burning pyre on which Abraham was thrown lost its heat and was transformed into a rose-garden.
- 93:1 The "trust" which God offered to Man and which Man accepted, after it had been refused by Heaven and Earth (Koran, ch. 33, v. 72), is the divine vicegerency, *i.e.* the duty of displaying the divine attributes.
- 94:1 A parody of the verse in the Masnaví quoted above. See l. 603.

p. 95

XI

Story of a young man of Merv who came to the saint Ali Hujwírí—God have mercy on him!—and complained that he was oppressed by his enemies.

THE saint of Hujwír was venerated by the

''حکایت طایری کہ از تشنگی بیتاب بود''

ط ایری از تش نگی بیت اب بود در تــــن او دم مثـــال مـــوج دود ریے نہ ہے الماس در گلے زار دیے۔ تش نگی نظ ار ه ی آب آفرید از فریب بریزه ی خورشید تاب مرغ ندان سنگ را بنداشت آب ماییم اندوز نیم از گیوهر نشد زد برو منقار و کامش تر نشد ___ت الم_اس اي گرفتار بـوس تيز بر من كرده منقار بوس قط ره ی آبے نیم ساقی نیم مےن براے دیگے ران باقی نہم قصد آزارم کنے دیوانہ ئے از ارم کنے اور نما بیگانہ ئے آب م ن منق ار مرغ ان بش كند ط ابر از الم اس ك ام دل نباف ت روی خویش از ریزه ی تابنده تافت حسرت اندر سینه اش آباد گشت در گلـــوی او نـــوا فر بــاد گشـــت قطره ی شبنم سر شاخ گلی تاف ت مثال اشک چشم بلبا ت اب او مح و سپاس آفت اب ل رزه بر تن از براس آفت اب کوک ب رم خوی گردون زاده ئے peoples,

And Pír-i Sanjar visited his tomb as a pilgrim. 1

With ease he broke down the mountainbarriers loss

And sowed the seed of Islam in India. The age of Omar was restored by his godliness,

p. 96

The fame of the Truth was exalted by his words.

He was a guardian of the honour of the Koran,

1090 The house of Falsehood fell in ruins at his gaze.

The dust of the Panjáb was brought to life by his breath,

Our dawn was made splendid by his sun. He was a lover, and withal a courier of Love: The secrets of Love shone forth from his brow.

1095 I will tell a story of his perfection And enclose a whole rose-bed in a single bud.

A young man, cypress-tall, Came from the town of Merv to Lahore. He went to see the venerable saint, 1100 That the sun might dispel his darkness. I am hemmed in," he said, "by foes; I am as a glass in the midst of stones.

p. 97

Do thou teach me, O sire of heavenly rank, How to lead my life amongst enemies!"
The wise Director, in whose nature 1105
Love had allied mercy with wrath,
Answered: "Thou art unread in Life's lore,
Careless of its end and its beginning.
Be without fear of others!
Thou art a sleeping force: awake! 1110
When the stone was anxious on account of the glass,
It became glass and got into the way of

It became glass and got into the way of breaking.

If the traveller thinks himself weak, He delivers his soul unto the brigand. How long wilt thou regard thyself as water and clay? 1115

یکــــدم از ذوق نمـــود اســـتاده ئــ صد فریب از غنجہ و گل خوردہ ئے ــرہ ئــــ*ى* از زنـــدگے نــــا بـــردہ ئــ __ل اشـــــک عاشـــــق دلــــــداده ئــــ زیب ب مژگانی چکید آماده ئ مرغ مضطر زير شاخ گل رسيد در در انش قطره ی شیم جکید ے مے خواہی ز دشمن جان بری از تے و بر سے قطے رہ ئے با گے و ہر ی؟ چون ز سوز تشنگی طایر گداخت از حبات دیگری سرمایہ ساخت قطره سخت اندام و گوبر خو نبود ريـــــزه ي المــــاس بــــود و او نبـــود غافل از حفظ خودی یک دم مشو ریے زہ ہے الماس شے شہرنم مشے یخت م فطرت صورت کہسار باش حامل صد ابر دریا بار باش خویش را دریاب از ایجاب خویش سيم شو از بستن سيماب خويش نغمہ ئی بیدا کن از تار خودی آشکار اساز اسرار خودی

Create from thy clay a flaming Sinai!
Why be angry with mighty men?
Why complain of enemies?
I will declare the truth: thine enemy is thy friend;

p. 98

1120 His existence crowns thee with glory. Whosoever knows the states of the Self Considers a powerful enemy to be a blessing from God.

To the seed of Man the enemy is as a raincloud:

He awakens its potentialities.

1125 If thy spirit be strong, the stones in thy way are as water:

What reeks the torrent of the ups and downs of the road?

The sword of resolution is whetted by the stones in the way

And put to proof by traversing stage after stage.

What is the use of eating and sleeping like a beast?

1130 What is the use of being, unless thou have strength in thyself?

When thou mak'st thyself strong with Self, Thou wilt destroy the world at thy pleasure.

p. 99

If thou wouldst pass away, become free of Self:

If thou wouldst live, become full of Self! 1 What is death? To become oblivious to Self. 1135

Why imagine that it is the parting of soul and body?

Abide in Self, like Joseph! Advance from captivity to empire! Think of Self and be a man of action! Be a man of God, bear mysteries within!"

I will explain the matter by means of stories, I will open the bud by the power of my breath.

"'Tis better that a lovers' secret Should be told by the lips of others." 2

Footnotes

95:1 Hujwírí, author of the oldest Persian treatise on Sufism, was a native of Ghazna in Afghanistan. He died at Lahore about A.D. 1072. Pír-i Sanjar is the renowned saint, Mu'ínuddín, head of the Chishtí order of dervishes, who died in A. n. 1235 at Ajmír.

<u>99:1</u> These lines correct the Súfí doctrine that by means of passing away from individuality the mystic attains to everlasting life in God.

<u>99:2</u> *I.e.* allegorically. This verse occurs in the *Masnaví*.

p. 100

XII

Story of the bird that was faint with thirst.

1145 A BIRD was faint with thirst, The breath in his body was heaving like waves of smoke.

He saw a diamond in the garden: Thirst created a vision of water. Deceived by the sunbright stone 1150 The foolish bird fancied that it was

He got no moisture from the gem: He pecked it with his beak, but it did not wet his palate.

"O thrall of vain desire," said the diamond,

p. 101

"Thou hast sharpened thy greedy beak on me; But I am not a dewdrop, I give no drink, 1155 I do not live for the sake of others. Wouldst thou hurt me? Thou art mad! A life that reveals the Self is strange to thee. My water will shiver the beaks of birds And break the jewel of man's life." 11160 The bird won not his heart's wish from the diamond And turned away from the sparkling stone.

Disappointment swelled in his breast,

The song in his throat became a wail. Upon a rose-twig a drop of dew 1165 Gleamed like the tear in a nightingale's eye: All its glitter was owing to the sun, It was trembling in fear of the sun

p. 102

A restless sky-born star 1170 That had stopped for a moment, from desire to be seen;

Oft deceived by bud and flower,

It had gained nothing from Life.

There it hung, ready to drop,

Like a tear on the eyelashes of a lover who hath lost his heart.

1175 The sorely distressed bird hopped under the rose-bush,

The dewdrop trickled into his mouth.

O thou that wouldst deliver thy soul from enemies.

I ask thee—"Art thou a drop of water or a gem?"

When the bird melted in the fire of thirst, 1190 It appropriated the life of another. The drop was not solid and gem-like; The diamond had a being, the drop had none. Never for an instant neglect Self-preservation:

p. 103

Be a diamond, not a dewdrop!
Be massive in nature, like mountains, 1185
And bear on thy crest a hundred clouds laden with floods of rain!
Save thyself by affirmation of Self,
Compress thy quicksilver into silver ore!
Produce a melody from the string of Self,
Make manifest the secrets of Self! 1190

Footnotes

<u>101:1</u> *I.e.* if he swallow a diamond, he will die.

p. 104

XIII

Story of the diamond and the coal.

Now I will open one more gate of Truth, I will tell thee another tale.

The coal in the mine said to the diamond, "O thou entrusted with splendours everlasting,

1195 We are comrades, and our being is one; The source of our existence is the same, Yet while I die here in the anguish of worthlessness.

Thou art set on the crowns of emperors.

p. 105

My stuff is so vile that I am valued less than earth,

Whereas the mirror's heart is rent by thy beauty. 1200

My darkness illumines the chafing-dish, Then my substance is incinerated at last. Every one puts the sole of his foot on my head

And covers my stock of existence with ashes. My fate must needs be deplored; 1205 Dost thou know what is the gist of my being? Thou art a condensed wavelet of smoke, Endowed with the properties of a single spark;

Both in feature and nature thou art star-like, Splendours rise from every side of thee. 1210 Now thou becom'st the light of a monarch's eye,

p. 106

Now thou adornest the haft of a dagger." "O sagacious friend!" said the diamond, Dark earth, when hardened, becomes in dignity as a bezel.

1215 Having been at strife with its environment.

It is ripened by the struggle and grows hard

"حكايت الماس و زغال"

از حقیق ت باز بگشایم دری باتومى گويم ديگرى گفت با الماس در معدن ، زغال ای امین جلوه بای لاز و ال هم دمیم و بست و بود مایکیست در جبان اصل وجود ما یکیست مـــن بکــان میــرم ز درد ناکســـ تے و سر تاج شہنشابان رسے قدر من از بد گنی کمتر ز خاک از جمال تودل آئینہ جاک روشن از تاریکی من مجمر است پ س کم ال ج وہرم خاکس تر اس ت بشت بابر کس مرابر سر زند بر متاع بستیم اخگر زند بر سروسامان من باید گریست برگ و ساز بستیم دانی کے چیست؟ موجے ی دودی بہے پیوست م نسی مایے دار یے ک شرار جست م نے مثل انجم روی تو ہے خوی تو جلوه ہا خیرد ز ہر پھلو*ی* تر اہ نے ور دیے دہ ی قیصے ر شے وے اه زیب بدسته ی خنج ر شوی گفت الماس ای رفیق نکتہ بین تیرہ خاک از پختگے گردد نگین تا ہے ہیرامون خود در جنگ شد بختہ از بیک آر مثال سینگ شد پیک رم از پختگ ہے ذوالنے ور شد سینہ ام از جلوہ ہا معمور شد خوار گشتی از وجود خام خویش ســوختی از نرمــی انـدام خـویش فارغ از خوف و غم و وسواس باش بخت م مثل سنگ شو الماس باش بر کے باشد سخت کے وش و سختگیر ، مشت خاکی اصل سنگ اسود است کو سر از جیب حرم بیرون زد است رتبہ اش از طور بالا تر شد است بوسے گاہ اسود و احمر شد است در صلابت آبروی زندگی است like a stone.

'Tis this ripeness that has endowed my form with light

And filled my bosom with radiance. Because thy being is immature, thou hast become abased;

1220 Because thy body is soft, thou art burnt. Be void of fear, grief, and anxiety; Be hard as a stone, be a diamond! Whosoever strives hard and grips tight, The two worlds are illumined by him. 1225 A little earth is the origin of the Black Stone

p. 107

Which puts forth its head in the Ka'ba: Its rank is higher than Sinai, It is kissed by the swarthy and the fair. In solidity consists the glory of Life; Weakness is worthlessness and immaturity."

p. 108

XIV

Story of the Sheikh and the Brahmin, followed by a conversation between Ganges and Himalaya to the effect that the continuation of social life depends on firm attachment to the characteristic traditions of the community.

AT Benares lived a venerable Brahmin, Whose head was deep in the ocean of Being and Not-being.

He had a large knowledge of philosophy But was well-disposed to the seekers after God.

1235 His mind was eager to explore new problems,

His intellect moved on a level with the Pleiades:

p. 109

His nest was as high as that of the Anká; 1 Sun and moon were cast, like rue, on the flame of his thought. 2

For a long time he laboured and sweated,

ــــــاتوانی ، ناکســــر نـــاپختگی اســت

' حکایت شیخ و برہمن و مکالمہ گنگ و ہمالہ در معنی اینکہ تسلسل حیات ملیہ از محکم گرفتن روایات مخصوصہ ملیہ می باشد''

در بنارس بر همندی محت سر فرو اندر یے بود و عدم بہررہ ی وافرر زحکمت داشتی بٰ اخددا جو بان ار ادت داشتی ذہن او گیرا و ندرت کے وش بود ا ثریا عقل او همدوش بود ___ بانش صورت عنقا بلند مهر و مه بر شعله ی فکرش سبند مدتے مینای او در خون نشست ساقی حکم ت بجامش مے نبست در ریاض علم و دانشش دام چیدد چشے دامےش طایر معنے ندیے ناخن فكرش بخون آلوده ماند عقده ی بود و عدم نگشوده ماند آه بــــر لــــب شـــاهد حر مـــان او ره غماز دل حيران او ت روزی نزد شیخ کاملی آنکے اندر سینہ بروردی دلی گ وش بر گفت ار آن فرز ان داد بر لب خود مرسر خاموشی نهاد ت شیخ ای طائف چرخ باند اندکی عبد وفاباخاک بند ت اشدی آواره ی صحرا و دشت فکر بیباک تو از گردون گذشت با زمین در ساز ای گردون نسورد من نگویم از بتان بیزار شو کے افری شایستہ ی زنے ار شے و ای امان ت دار ته ذیب که ن بشت بابر مسلک آبامزن ر ز جمعیت حیات ملت است کف ر بے سرمایہ ی جمعیت است تو کے ہے در کافری کامل نے ئے در خــور طــوف حــریم دل نـــہ ئـــی مانده ایدم از جداده ی تسلیم دور But philosophy brought no wine to his Cup. 1240

Although he set many a snare in the gardens of learning,

His snares never caught a glimpse of the Ideal bird;

And notwithstanding that the nails of his thought were dabbled with blood,

The knot of Being and Not-being remained untied.

The sighs on his lips bore witness to his despair, 1245

His countenance told tales of his distraction. One day he visited an excellent Sheikh,

p. 110

A man who had in his breast a heart of gold. The Sheikh laid the seal of silence on his lips 1250 While he lent his ear to the Sage's discourse.

Then he said: "O wanderer in the lofty sky, Pledge thyself to be true, for a little, to the earth!

Thou hast lost thy way in wildernesses of speculation,

Thy fearless thought hath passed beyond Heaven.

1255 Be reconciled with earth, O sky-traveller!

Do not wander in quest of the essence of the stars!

I do not bid thee abandon thine idols. Art thou an unbeliever? Then be worthy of the badge of unbelief! 1

p. 111

O inheritor of ancient culture,

Turn not thy back on the path thy fathers trod! 1260

If a people's life is derived from unity, Unbelief too is a source of unity.

Thou that art not even a perfect infidel Art unfit to worship at the shrine of the spirit. We both are far astray from the road of devotion: 1265

Thou art far from Ázar, and I from Abraham. 1

Our Majnún hath not fallen into melancholy for his Lailá's sake:

تـــو ز آزر مــن ز ابــرابيم دور قــيس مـا سـودائے محمـل نشـد در جنـون عاشــقی کامــل نشــد مـرد چـون شـمع خـودی انـدر وجـود از خيـال آســمان پيمـا چــم ســود

آب زد در دامـــن کهســار جنــگ . گفت ت روزی بے ا ہمالے۔ رود گنگ ای ز صحیح آفر بنش بصح بصدوش پیکــــــرت از رودبـــــــا زنـــــــــار پــــــوش حــق تـــر ا بـــا آســمان بمـــر از ســاخت يات محروم خرام ناز ساخت طاقت ت رفت ار از پایست ربسود این وقار و رفعت و تمکین چه سود زندگانی از خرام پیم است برگ و ساز بستی موج از رم است کوہ چون این طعنہ از دریا شنید ہے چو بحر آتش از کین بر دمید ب ت ای یہنای تو آئینہ ام چون تو صد دریا درون سینه ام ای ن خرام ناز سامان فناست بر کے از خود رفت شایان فناست از مقام خود نداری آگرسی بر زیان خویش نازی ابلیسی ای ز بطن چرخ گردان زاده ئی از تــو بهتـر سـاحل افتـاده ئــي بستی خود ندر قلزم ساختی ب پش ریزن نقد جان انداختی ہمچے و گل در گلستان خوددار شے بہر نشر بو یے گلج بن مرو زندگی بر جای خود بالیدن است از خیابان خودی گل چیدن است قرنها بگذشت و من پادر گلم تو گمان داری که دور از منزلم بستیم بالید و تا گردون رسید زیر دامانم ثریا آرمید بستی تو بے نشان در قلزم است ذروه ی مین سیجده گیاه انجیم است ___م م__ن بینای اسر ار فلک نا گوشے زیرواز ملک از سروز سعى پيېم سروختم لع ل و المساس و گهر ر اندوختم ''در درونے سینگ و اندر سینگ نیار آب را بر نار من نبود گذار" He hath not become perfect in the madness of love.

When the lamp of Self expires,

What is the use of heaven-surveying imagination?" 1270

Once on a time, laying hold of the skirt of the mountain,

p. 112

Ganges said to Himalaya:

"O thou mantled in snow since the morn of creation,

Thou whose form is girdled with streams, 1275 God made thee a partner in the secrets of heaven,

But deprived thy foot of graceful gait. He took away from thee the power to walk: What avails this sublimity and stateliness? Life springs from perpetual movement: 1280 Motion constitutes the wave's whole existence."

When the mountain heard this taunt from the river,

He puffed angrily like a sea of fire,

And answered: "Thy wide waters are my looking-glass;

Within my bosom are a hundred rivers like thee.

p. 113

This graceful gait of thine is an instrument of death: 1285

Whoso goeth from Self is meet to die. Thou hast no knowledge of thine own case, Thou exultest in thy misfortune: thou art a

fool!

O born of the womb of the revolving sphere, A fallen-in bank is better than thou! 1290 Thou hast made thine existence an offering to the ocean,

Thou hast thrown the rich purse of thy life to the highwayman.

Be self-contained like the rose in the garden, Do not go to the florist in order to smell sweet!

To live is to grow in thyself 1295 And gather roses from thine own flower-bed. Ages have gone by and my foot is fast in قطره ئی ؟ خود را بیای خود مریز در تلاطیم کوش و بیا قلزم ستیز آب گیوبر خیواه و گیوبر ریزه شو بهر گیوس شیادی آوییزه شو بها خود افزا شو سبک رفتار شو ایر بیر و انداز و دریا بار شو از تو قلزم گدید ی طوفان کند شیک متر از میوبی شیمارد خویش را بیش یای تو گذارد خویش را

'در بیان اینکه مقصد حیات مسلم ، اعلای کلمة الله است و جهاد ، اگر محرک آن جوع الارض باشد در مذہب اسلام حرام است''

قلب را از صبغة الله رنگ ده عشق را نهاموس و نهام و ننگ ده طبع مسلم از محبت قابر است مسلم ار عاشق نباشد کافر است ابع حــــق دبــــدنش نـــــا دبــــدنش خور دنش ، نو شيدنش ، خو ابيدنش در رضایش مرضی حق گے شود ''این سخن کے باور مردم شود'' خیم ۔ در میدان الا الله ز دست در جهان شابد على الناس آمدست ش ابد ح الش نبی انسس و جان ش ابدی صدادق ترین شهابدان قدار و باب حال زن نور حق برظمت اعمال زن در قبای خسروی درویشش زی ديده بيدار و خددا انديش زي قرب حق از ہر عمل مقصود دار تازتو گردد جلالش آشکار صلح، شر گردد چو مقصود است غير گر خدا باشد غرض جنگ است خیر گـــر نگـــردد حـــق ز تيــــغ مــــا بلنــــد جنگ باشد قوم را ناار جمند من رت شدخ میانمیر ولی ہے رخفے از نے ور جان او جلے بُـر طریـق مصـطفی محکـم پئـی نغم ب ی عشیق و محبیت را نئی ی ر بتش ایمان خاک شر ما

earth:

p. 114

Dost thou fancy that I am far from my goal? My being grew and reached the sky, 1300 The Pleiads sank to rest under my skirts; Thy being vanishes in the ocean, But on my crest the stars bow their heads. Mine eye sees the mysteries of heaven, Mine ear is familiar with angels' wings. 1305 Since I glowed with the heat of unceasing toil,

I amassed rubies, diamonds, and other gems. I am stone within, and in the stone is fire . Water cannot pass over my fire!"

Art thou a drop of water? Do not break at thine own feet,

1310 But endeavour to surge and wrestle with the sea.

Desire the water of a jewel, become a jewel!

p. 115

Be an ear-drop, adorn a beauty! Oh, expand thyself! Move swiftly! Be a cloud that shoots lightning and sheds a flood of rain!

Let the ocean sue for thy storms as a beggar,

Let it complain of the straitness of thy skirts! Let it deem itself less than a wave And glide along at thy feet!

Footnotes

<u>109:1</u> A mysterious bird, of which nothing is known except its name.

<u>109:2</u> Rue-seed is burned for the purpose of fumigation.

<u>110:1</u> "The badge of unbelief": here the original has *zunnár* (ζωνάριον), *i.e.* the sacred thread worn by Zoroastrians and other non-Moslems.

111:1 Ázar, the father of Abraham, was an

مشعل نرور بدایت بهر ما بـــر در او جبــه فرسـا آســمان از مریدانش شدی بندوستان شاه تخم حرص در دل کاشتی قصد تسخیر ممالک داشتی از ہے وس آت ش بجان افروختی تينغ را ''هل من مزيد'' أموختي در دکون بنگامی بار بود لشکرش در عرصہ ی بیکار بےود رفت یے پش شیخ گردون پایے ئے ت ا بگیرد از دع اسرمایه ئے مسلم از دنیا سوی حق رم کند از دعات دبیر را محکے کند شبخ از گفتار شه خاموش ماند برزم درویشان سرایا گوش ماند ت ا مرید دی سکم سیمین بدست لے ب گشےود و مہر خاموشے شکسے گفت این نذر حقیر از من پذیر ای ز حـــق آو ار گـــان ر ا دســتگیر غوطہ ہے ازد در خوی محنت تنم تا گره زد دربمی را دامنم گفت شیخ این زر حق سلطان ماست آنکے در پیران شاہی گداست حکمران مهر و مهاه و انجم است شاه ما مفلس ترین مردم است دیده بر خوان اجانب دوخت است آتے ش جے عش جہانی سے وخت اسے قحط و طاعون تابع شمشير او خلصق در فریاد از ناداریش از تېيدستني ضعيف آزاريش سطوتش اهل جهان را دشمن است نوع انسان کاروان ، او ربازن است از خیــــال خـــود فریـــب و فکــــر خـــام مے کند تاراج را تسخیر نام عسكر شابي و افواج غنيم أت ش جان گدا جوع گداست جوع سلطان ملک و ملت را فناست ہر کے خنجر بہر غیر اللہ کشید تیغ او در سینہ ی او آرمید

اندر ز میر نجات نقشبند المعروف به بابای صحرائی idolater

p. 116

XV

Showing that the purpose of the Moslem's life is to exalt the Word of Allah, and that the Jihád (war against unbelievers), if it be prompted by land-hunger, is unlawful in the religion of Islam.

IMBUE thine heart with the tincture of Allah, 1320 Give honour and glory to Love! The Moslem's nature prevails by means of love:

The Moslem, if he be not loving, is an infidel

Upon God depends his seeing and notseeing,

His eating, drinking, and sleeping.

p. 117

In his will that which God wills becomes lost—1325

How shall a man believe this saying?" 1 He encamps in the field of "There is no god but Allah":

In the world he is a witness against mankind. His high estate is attested by the Prophet that was sent to men and Jinn—

By the most truthful of witnesses. 1330 Leave words and seek that spiritual state, Shed the light of God o'er the darkness of works!

Albeit clad in kingly robe, live as a dervish, Live wakeful and meditating on God! Whatever thou doest, let it be thine aim therein to draw nigh to God, 1335 That His glory may be made manifest by thee.

p. 118

Peace becomes an evil, if its object be aught else:

War is good if its object is God. If God be not exalted by our swords, 1340 War dishonours the people. The holy Sheikh Miyán Mír Walí, 1

کہ برای مسلمانان ہندوستان رقم فر مودہ است

ای کے مثل گل زگل بالیدہ ئے ت و هم از بطن خودی زائیده ئے از خودی مگذر بقا انجام باش قطره ئے مے باش و بحر آشام باش تو کے آز نور خودی تابندہ ئے ر خودی محکم کنے پایندہ ئے ســـود در جيب بمــين سوداســتي خـــواجگی از حفــظ ایـــن کالاســـتی ہستی و از نیستی ترسیدہ ئے ای سرت گردم غاط فهمیده ئے چـون خبر دارم ز سناز زندگی ا تُـو گـويم چيسـت راز زنـدگي غوط ، در خود صورت گوبر زدن يسس ز خلوت گاه خود سر بر زدن زیر خاکستر شرار اندوختن شعلم گردیدن نظریا سوختن خانہ سوز محنت چال سالہ شو طوف خود كن شعلمى جوالم شو ز ندگی از طوف دیگر رستن است خویش را بیت الحرم دانستن است پر زن و از جنب خاک آزاد باش ہمچے و طایر ایمے ن از افتاد باش تے اگر طاپر نے ئے ای بوشے مند بر سر غار آشیان خود میند ای کے باشہ ی در بے کسب علوم باتومك كويم بيام بير روم ''علے را بر تن زنے مارے بود ے را بر دل زنے پرارے برود'' ____ از قصید روم آنکے داد اندر حلیب درس علیوم ای در زنجیر توجیهات عقال كش تيش طوف انى ''ظلم ات'' عقل موسے بیگانے می سے بنای عشے ق بیخبر از عشق و از سودای عشق از تشکک گفت و آز اشراق گفت وز حکے صد گے ویر تابندہ سفت عقده بای قول مشائین گشود نور فكرش برخفي را وانمود گردو پیشش بود انبار کتب بر لب او شرح اسرار كتب ___ر تبریـــــزی ز آرشـــــاد کمـــــال

By the light of whose soul every hidden thing was revealed

His feet were firmly planted on the path of Mohammed,

He was a flute for the impassioned music of love

1345 His tomb keeps our city safe from harm And causes the beams of true religion to shine on us.

Heaven stooped its brow to his threshold, The Emperor of India was one of his disciples. 2

Now, this monarch had sown the seed of ambition in his heart

1350 And was resolved on conquest.

p. 119

The flames of vain desire were alight in him, He was teaching his sword to ask, "Is there any more?" 1

In the Deccan was a great noise of war, His army stood on the battlefield. He went to the Sheikh of heaven-high dignity

He went to the Sheikh of heaven-high dignity 1355

That he might receive his blessing:

The Moslem turns from this world to God And strengthens policy with prayer.

The Sheikh made no answer to the Emperor's speech,

The assembly of dervishes was all ears, 1360 Until a disciple, in his hand a silver coin, Opened his lips and broke the silence, Saying, "Accept this poor offering from me, O guide of them that have lost the way to God!

p. 120

1365 My limbs were bathed in sweat of labour Before I put away a dirhem in my skirt." The Sheikh said: "This money ought to be given to our Sultan,

Who is a beggar wearing the raiment of a king.

Though he holds sway over sun, moon, and stars.

1370 Our Emperor is the most penniless of mankind.

His eye is fixed on the table of strangers, The fire of his hunger hath consumed a

جست راه مکتب م لاجلل گفت این غوغا و قیل و قال چیست این قیاس و وہم و استدلال چیست مولوی فرمود ندان لب بیند بر مقالات خر دمندان مخند <u>ای خویش از مکتبم بیرون گندار</u> قیل و قال است این ترا با وی چه کار قال ما از فهم توبالاتر است شیشے ی ادر اک را روشے نگر آسے سے وز شےمس از گفتے ہی مے لا فے زود آتش____ از جان تبریزی گشرود بر زمين برق نگاه او فتاد خےاک از سےوز دم او شے علم زاد ـــش دل خـــر من ادر اک ســوخت دفتر آن فلسفی را باک سوخت مولوی بیگاند از اعجاز عشق ناشناس نغم بای ساز عشق گفت این آتش چسان افروختی دفت ر ارباب حکم ت سوختی گفت شیخ ای مسلم زنار دار ذوق و حال است این تراباً وی چه کار حال ما از فكر تو بالاتر است شعلہ ی ما کیمیای احمر است ساختی از برف حکمت ساز و برگ از سحاب فکر توبارد تگرگ آتشی افروز از خاشیک خویش شعلہ ئے تعمیر کن از خاک خویش علم مسلم كامل از سوز دل است معنی اسلام ترک آفل است چون زبند أفل ابرابيم رست در میان شعلم با نیکو نشست

سنگ اسود از در بتخانی خواه نافی مشک از سگ دیوانی خواه سوز عشق از دانش حاضر مجوی کیف حق از جام این کافر مجوی مدتی محو تی محود استان کیف و دو بسوده ام

whole world.

His sword is followed by famine and plague, His culture lays a wide land waste.

1375 The folk are crying out because of his indigence,

His empty-headedness, and his oppression of the weak.

His power is an enemy to all:

p. 121

Humankind are the caravan and he the brigand.

In his self-delusion and ignorance

He calls pillage by the name of empire. 1380 Both the royal troops and those of the enemy Are cloven in twain by the sword of his hunger.

The beggar's hunger consumes his own soul, But the sultan's hunger destroys state and religion.

Whoso shall draw the sword for anything except Allah, 1385

His sword is sheathed in his own breast."

Footnotes

117:1 See Introduction, xix, note 1.

<u>118:1</u> A celebrated Moslem saint, who died at Lahore in A.D. 1635.

118:2 Aurangzíb.

119:1 Koran, ch. 50, v. 29.

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XVI

Precepts written for the Moslems of India by Mír Naját Nakshband, who is generally known as Bábá Sahrá'í. 1

O THOU that hast grown from earth, like a rose,

Thou too art born of the womb of Self. Do not abandon Self! Persist therein!

رازدان دانـــش نـــو بــوده ام باغبانان امتحان محرده اند محرم این گلستانم کرده اند گلسے نانی لالے کرار عبرتے چ ون گ ل کاغ ن سراب نکہت ی از بند ایان گلستان رسنتم ام آشیان بر شاخ طوبی بسته ام دانش حاضر حجاب اکبر است بت برست و بت فروش و بتگر است با بزندان مظاہر بستہ ئے از حدود حسس برون نا جسته ئے در صراط زندگی از یا فتاد بر گلوی خویشتن خنجر نهاد آتش ہے دار د مثال لالے سر د شعلہ ئے دارد مثال ڑالے سرد فطرتش از سروز عشرق آزاد ماند در جهان جستجو ناشاد ماند عشف افلاط ون علت باي عقل بے شود از نشترش سودای عقل جملہ عالم ساجد و مسجود عشق س ومنات عقل را محمود عشق ایـــن مـــــی دیر پنــــہ در مینــاش نیســت شور ''يارب'' ، قسمت شبهاش نيست

قىم ت شمشاد خود نشاختى سرو دیگر را باند انداختی مثل نے خود را زخود کردی تہے بر نوای دیگران دل می نهی ای گدای ریزه ئے از خوان غیر جنس خود مے جوئی از دکان غیر برزم مسلم از چراغ غیر سروخت مستجد او از شرار دير سوخت از سواد کعب چون آہو رمید ناوک صیاد پہلویش درید شـد بر بشــان بــر گ گــل جــو ن بـــو ی خــو بش ای ز خود رم کرده باز آسوی خویش ای امین حکمیت ام الکتیاب و حدت گمگشته ی خود بازیاب ما کے دربان حصار ماتیم ک افر از ترک شعار ماتیم سے اقبی دیرینے کر اسے اغر شکسے ت برزم رندان حجازی بر شکست کعیہ آباد است از اصام ما خنده زن کفر است بر اسلام ما

1390 Be a drop of water and drink up the ocean!

Glowing with the light of Self as thou art, Make Self strong, and thou wilt endure.

p. 123

Thou gett'st profit from this trade, Thou gain'st riches by preserving this commodity.

Thou hast being, and art thou afraid of notbeing? 1395

O foolish one, thy understanding is at fault. Since I am acquainted with the harmony of Life,

I will tell thee what is the secret of Life To sink into thyself like the pearl, Then to emerge from thine inward solitude; 1400

To collect sparks beneath the ashes, And become a flame and dazzle men's eyes. Go, burn the house of forty years' tribulation, Move round thyself! Be a circling flame! What is Life but to be freed from moving round others 1405

p. 124

And to regard thyself as the Holy Temple? Beat thy wings and escape from the attraction of Earth;

Like birds, be safe from falling. Unless thou art a bird, thou wilt do wisely 1410 Not to build thy nest on the top of a cave.

O thou that seekest to acquire knowledge, I say o'er to thee the message of the Sage of Rúm:

"Knowledge, if it lie on thy skin, is a snake; Knowledge, if thou take it to heart, is a friend."

1415 Hast thou heard how the Master of Rúm Gave lectures on philosophy at Aleppo?—
Fast in the bonds of intellectual proofs,

p. 125

Drifting o'er the dark and stormy sea of understanding;

A Moses unillumined by Love's Sinai, Ignorant of Love and of Love's passion. 1420 شـــيخ در عشـــق بتــان اســــلام باخـــت رشت می تسبیح از زنار ساخت پیر با پیر از بیاض مو شدند سخره بهر کودکان کو شدند دل ز نق شش لاال بیگانی د از صنم ہای ہوس بتخانہ ئے مے شود هر مو درازی خرقہ بوش آه ازیـــن ســوداگران دیــن فــروش با مربدان روز و شب ب اندر سفر از ضرورت بای ملت بی خبر دیده با بی نور مثل نرگس اند سینہ ہے ان دولیت دل مفلسس اند واعظان بهم صوفیان منصب پرست اعتبار مل ت بیض اشکست واعظما چشم بربتخانه دوخت مفت ہے دیان مباین فتاوی فروخات چیست پاران بعد از پان تدبیر ما رخ سوی میخانی دارد پیسر مسا

" الوقت سيف"

سبز بادا خاک پاک شافعی عالمي سر خوش ز تاک شافعي فكر او كوكب ز گردون چيده است سیف بران وقت را نامیده است من جہ گویم سر این شمشیر جیست آب او ســـر مایم دار از زندگیســت صاحبش بالاتر از امید و بیم دست او بیضا تر از دست کلیم سنگ از یک ضربت او تر شود بحـــر از محرومــــ*ي* نــــم بـــر شـــود در کے ف موسے ہمین شمشیر بود سینہ ی دریای احمر چاک کرد قلزمے را خشک مثل خاک کے رد پنجے ی حیدر کے خیبر گیر بود __وت او از ہم ین شمش پر بود گردش گردون گردان دیدنی است انق لاب روز و شب ب فهمیدنی است ای اسیر دوش و فردا در نگردا در دل خود عالم دیگر نگر در گل خرود تخر ظلم ت كاشتى وق ت را مثل خط ی پنداشتی باز با بیمانہ ی لیال و نہار

He discoursed on Scepticism and Neoplatonism,

And strung many a brilliant pearl of metaphysic.

He unravelled the problems of the Peripatetics,

The light of his thought made clear whatever was obscure.

Heaps of books lay around and in front of him. 1425

And on his lips was the key to all their mysteries.

Shams-i Tabríz, directed by Kamál, <u>1</u> Sought his way to the college of Jaláluddín Rúmí

And cried out, "What is all this noise and babble?

p. 126

1430 What are all these syllogisms and judgements and demonstrations?"

"Peace, O fool!" exclaimed the Maulavi, "Do not laugh at the doctrines of the sages. Get thee out of my college!

This is argument and discussion: what hast thou to do with it?

1435 My discourse is beyond thy understanding,

It will not brighten the glass of thy perception."

These words increased the anger of Shams-i Tabríz

And caused a fire to burst forth from his soul. The lightning of his look fell on the earth, 1440 And the glow of his breath made the dust spring into flames.

The spiritual fire burned the intellectual stack

p. 127

And clean consumed the book of philosophy. The Maulavi, being a stranger to Love's miracles

And unversed in Love's harmonies, Cried, "How didst thou kindle this fire, 1445 Which hath burned the books of the philosophers?"

The Sheikh answered, "O unbelieving Moslem,

This is vision and ecstasy: what hast thou to

فکـــر تـــو بیمــود طــول روزگـــار ساختی این رشت، را زنار دوش گشتہ ئے مثل بتان باطل فروش كيميا بـــودى و مشـــت گـــل شـــدى سر حق زائيدي و باطل شدي مسلمی ؟ آزاد ایان زنار باش شمع بنزم ملت احسرار باش تے کے از اصل زمان آگے نے ئے از حیات جاودان آگے نے ئے تُ اکجا در روز و شب باشی اسیر رمنز وقت از ''لئي منع الله'' يناد گينر ایـــن و آن بیداســـت از رفتـــار وقـــت ز ندگی سریست از اسرار وقت اصل وقت از گردش خورشید نیست وقت جاوید است و خور جاوید نیست عیش و غم عاشور و بم عید است وقت سر تاب ماه و خورشید است وقت وقت را مثل مكان گسترده ئكى امتياز دوش و فردا كرده ئى ای چو بو رم کرده از بستان خویش ساختی از دست خود زندان خویش وقت ما کو اول و آخر ندید از خیابان ضمیر ما دمید زنده از عرفان اصاش زنده تر ہس<u>تی</u> او از سحر تابندہ تر زندگی از دہر و دہر از زندگی است " لاتسبو الدهر " فرمان نبے است

نکتے ای مے گویمے تروشے نے در تا شناسے امتیان عبد و حرر عبد گردد بیاوه در لیال و نهار در دل حرر پاوه گردد روزگار عبد از ایام می باند کفن روز و شب را منی تند بر خویشتن مرد حر خود راز گل بر مے کند خویش را بر روزگاران می تند عبد چون طاير بدام صبح و شام لنت برواز بر جسانش حسرام سینه ی آزاده ی چابه ک نفسس ط ایر ایام راگ ردد قف س عبدرا تحصیل حاصل فطرت است واردات جان او بے ندرت است از گران خیر نی مقام او بمان نالب بای صبح و شام او بمان do with it?

My state is beyond thy thought,

My flame is the Alchemist's elixir." 1450

Thou hast drawn thy substance from the snow of philosophy,

The cloud of thy thought sheds nothing but hailstones.

Kindle a fire in thy rubble, Foster a flame in thy earth!

The Moslem's knowledge is perfected by spiritual fervour, 1455

p. 128

The meaning of Islam is *Renounce what shall pass away*.

When Abraham escaped from the bondage of "that which sets," $\underline{1}$

He sat unhurt in the midst of flames. 2

Thou hast cast knowledge of God behind thee

1460 And squandered thy religion for the sake of a loaf.

Thou art hot in pursuit of antimony,

Thou art unaware of the blackness of thine own eye.

Seek the Fountain of Life from the sword's edge,

And the River of Paradise from the dragon's mouth,

1465 Demand the Black Stone from the door of the house of idols,

And the musk-deer's bladder from a mad dog,

p. 129

But do not seek the glow of Love from the knowledge of to-day,

Do not seek the nature of Truth from this infidel's cup!

Long have I been running to and fro,

Learning the secrets of the New Knowledge: 1470

Its gardeners have put me to the trial And have made me intimate with their roses. Roses! Tulips, rather, that warn one not to smell them—

Like paper roses, a mirage of perfume. Since this garden ceased to enthral me, 1475 I have nested on the Paradisal tree.

Modern knowledge is the greatest blind—

دمبددم نـــو أفرينــي كــار حــر نغمے پیہم تازہ ریازد تار حر فطرتش زحمت كش تكرار نيست جاده ی او حلقہ ی پرگار نیست عبدراايهم زنجير است وبسس بر لب او حرف تقدیر است و بس بمت حر باقضاگردد مشير حادثات از دست او صورت پندیر ر فت ہے و آبند دہ در موج و او ديرېـــــــــا آســــــوده انــــــدر زود او آمد از صوت و صدا باک این سخن در نمے آیے د بے ادر اک ایےن سےن گفتم و حرفم ز معنی شرمسر شکوہ ی معنے کے باحر فم جے کار زنده معنى چون بر حرف آمد بمرد از نفسس بای ترو نسار او فسرد نکتے ی غیب و حضور اندر دل است رمسز ایسام و مسرور انسدر دل اسست نغمہ ی خیاموش دارد ساز وقت غوطہ در دل زن کے بینے راز وقت

اد ایامی کے سریف روز گار با توانا دستی ما بود پار تخے دیے ن در کشے تا دلہا کاشے تیم يرده از رخسار حف برداشتيم ناخن ما عقده ی دنیا گشاد بخت این خاک از سجود ما گشاد از خے حیق بادہ ی گلگون ز دیے بر کہ ن میخانہ ہا شبخون زدیم ای مــــــــی دیرینــــــــہ در مینــــــای تــــــو شیشے آب از گرمے صببای تے از غرور و نخوت و کبر و منی طعنہ بر ناداری مامیزنی جام ما بم زیب محفیل بوده است سینہ ی ما صاحب دل بودہ است عصر نو از جلوه با آراست، از غبار بای ما برخاست، كشت حق سبراب گشت از خون ما حق پرستان جهان ممنون ما عالم از ما صاحب تكبير شد از گل ما کعیہ با تعمیر شد حرف اقرأ حق بما تعليم كرد رزق خویش از دست ما تقسیم کرد گرچہ رفت از دست ما تاج و نگین

Idol-worshipping, idol-selling, idol-making! Shackled in the prison of phenomena, It has not overleaped the limits of the sensible. 1480

p. 130

It has fallen down in crossing the bridge of Life.

It has laid the knife to its own throat. Having fire, it is yet cold as the tulip; Having flame, it is yet cold as hail. 1485 Its nature remains untouched by the glow of Love,

It is ever engaged in a joyless search. Love is the Plato that heals the sicknesses of the mind: 1

The mind's melancholy is cured by its lancet. The whole world bows in adoration to Love, 1490 Love is the Mahmúd that conquers the Somnath of intellect. 2

Modern science lacks this old wine in its cup, Its nights are not loud with passionate prayer.

p. 131

Thou hast misprized thine own cypress And deemed tall the cypress of others. Like the reed, thou hast emptied thyself of Self 1495

And given thine heart to the music of others. O thou that begg'st morsels from another's table.

Wilt thou seek thine own kind in another's shop?

The Moslem's feast is burned up by the lamps of strangers,

His mosque is consumed by the Christian monastery. 1500

When the deer fled from the sacred territory of Mecca,

The hunter's arrow pierced her side. $\underline{1}$ The leaves of the rose are scattered, like its scent:

O thou that hast fled from thy Self, come back to it!

p. 132

1505 O trustee of the wisdom of the Koran, Find thy lost unity again!

ماگدایان را بچشم کم مبین در نگیاه تسو زیسان کساریم مسا کهنسه پنسداریم مسا ، خسواریم مسا اعتبار از لاالسه داریسم مسا از غرم امروز و فسردا رسته ایسم از غرم امسی عهد محبت بسته ایسم در دل حسق سر مکنسونیم مسا در دل حسق سر مکنسونیم مسا وارث موسی و بهسان زیسان مسا بنسوز برقهسا دارد سیما بنسوز برقهسا دارد سیما بنسوز برقهسا آئین میا آئین میا

We, who keep the gate of the citadel of Islam,

Have become unbelievers by neglecting the watchword of Islam.

The ancient Saki's bowl is shattered, 1510 The wine-party of the Hijáz is broken up.

The Ka'ba is filled with our idols, Infidelity mocks at our Islam.

Our Sheikh hath gambled Islam away for love of idols

And made a rosary of the zunnár. 1

1515 Our spiritual directors owe their rank to their white hairs

And are the laughing-stock of children in the street;

Their hearts bear no impress of the Faith But house the idols of sensuality.

p. 133

Every long-haired fellow wears the garb of a dervish—

Alas for these traffickers in religion! 1520 Day and night they are travelling about with disciples,

And ignoring their religious duties. Their eyes are without light, like the narcissus,

Their breasts devoid of spiritual wealth. Preachers and Stiffs, all worship worldliness alike; 1525

The prestige of the pure religion is ruined. Our preacher fixed his eyes on the pagoda And the mufti of the Faith sold his decision. After this, O friends, what are we to do? Our guide turns his face towards the winehouse. 1530

1605 In thine eyes we are good for nothing, Thinking old thoughts, despicable. We have honour from "There is no god but Allah,"

We are the preservers of the universe. Freed from the vexation of to-day and to-morrow.

1610 We have pledged ourselves to love One. We are the conscience hidden in God's heart, We are the heirs of Moses and Aaron. Sun and moon are still bright with our

radiance,

Lightning-flashes still lurk in our cloud. 1615 Our essence is the mirror of the Divine essence:

The Moslem's being is one of the signs of God.

Footnotes

- 134:1 Founder of one of the four great Mohammedan schools of law.
- 136:1 The Prophet said, "I have a time with God of such sort that neither angel nor prophet is my peer," meaning (if we interpret his words according to the sense of this passage) that he felt himself to be timeless.
- <u>138:1</u> The glorious days when Islam first set out to convert and conquer the world.
- 139:1 The *takbír* is the cry "*Allah akbar*," "Allah is most great."

p. 141

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Footnotes

- 122:1 This appears to be a pseudonym assumed by the author.
- 124:1 Jaláluddín Rúmí.
- <u>125:1</u> Bábá Kamâluddín Jundí. For Shams-i Tabríz and his relation to Jaláluddín Rúmí see my *Selected Poems from the Díváni Shamsi Tabríz* (Cambridge, 1898).
- <u>128:1</u> Abraham refused to worship the sun, moon, and stars, saying, "I love not them that set" (Koran, ch. 6, v. 76).
- 128:2 See p. 91, note.
- 130:1 In the Masnaví Love is called "the physician of our pride and self-conceit, our Plato and our Galen."
- 130:2 The famous idol of Somnath was destroyed by Sultan Mahmúd of Ghazna.
- 131:1 The pilgrims are forbidden to kill game.

p. 134

XVII

Time is a sword.

GREEN be the pure grave of Sháfi'í, 1
Whose vine hath cheered a whole world!
His thought plucked a star from heaven:
He named Time " a cutting sword."
1535 How shall I say what is the secret of this sword?
All its brilliance is derived from Life.
Its owner is exalted above hope and fear,
His hand is whiter than the hand of Moses.

p. 135

At one stroke thereof water gushes from the rock And the sea becomes land from dearth of moisture. 1540 Moses held this sword in his hand. Therefore he wrought more than man may contrive. He clove the Red Sea asunder And made its waters like dry earth. The arm of Ali, the conqueror of Khaibar, 1545 Drew its strength from this same sword. The revolution of the sky is visible, The change of day and night is perceived. Look, O thou enthralled by Yesterday and To-morrow, Behold another world in thine own heart! 1550 Thou hast sown the seed of darkness in thy clay, Thou hast imagined Time as a line: Thy thought measures length of Time With the measure of night and day.

p. 136

1555 Thou mak'st this line a girdle on thine infidel waist;
Thou art an advertiser of falsehood, like idols.
Thou wert the Elixir, and thou hast become a peck of dust;
Thou wert born the conscience of Truth, and thou hast become a lie!
Art thou a Moslem? Then cast off this girdle!
1560 Be a candle to the feast of the religion of the free!
Knowing not the origin of Time,
Thou art ignorant of everlasting Life.

How long wilt thou be a thrall of night and day?

Learn the mystery of Time from the words "I have a time with God."

1565 Phenomena arise from the march of Time,

p. 137

Life is a part of the contents of Time's consciousness. The cause of Time is not the revolution of the sun:
Time is everlasting, but the sun does not last for ever.
Time is joy and sorrow, festival and fast;
Time is the secret of moonlight and sunlight. 1570
Thou hast extended Time, like Space,
And distinguished Yesterday from To-morrow.
Thou hast fled, like a scent, from thine own garden;
Thou hast made thy prison with thine own hand.
Our Time, which has neither beginning nor end, 1575
Blossoms from the flower-bed of our mind.
To know its root quickens the living with new life:

p. 138

Its being is more splendid than the dawn.

Life is of Time, and Time is of Life:

1580 "Do not abuse Time!" was the command of the Prophet.

Oh, the memory of those days when Time's sword

Was allied with the strength of our hands! 1

We sowed the seed of religion in men's hearts

And unveiled the face of Truth;

1585 Our nails tore loose the knot of this world,

Our bowing in prayer gave blessings to the earth.

From the jar of Truth we made rosy wine gush forth,

We charged against the ancient taverns.

O thou in whose cup is old wine,

p. 139

A wine so hot that the glass is well-nigh turned to water, 1590 Wilt thou in thy pride and arrogance and self-conceit Taunt us with our emptiness?
Our cup, too, hath graced the symposium;
Our breast hath owned a spirit.
A new age hath been endued with our beauty 1595
And hath risen from the dust of our feet.
Our blood hath watered God's harvest,
All worshippers of God are our debtors.

The *takbír* was our gift to the world, 1 Ka'bas were built of our clay. 1600 By means of us God taught the Koran, From our hand He dispensed His bounty. Although crown and signet have passed from us,

p. 140

Do not look with contempt on our beggarliness!

** Du'aa

''دعا''

ای چو جان اندر وجود عالمی جان ما باشی و از ما می رمی نغمہ از فیض تو در عود حیات موت در راه تو محسود حیات باز تسكين دل ناشاد شو باز اندر سبنہ با آباد شو باز از ما خواه ننگ و نام را یختہ تر کن عاشقان خام را از مقدر شکوه با داریم ما نرخ تو بالا و ناداريم ما از تہیدستان رخ زیبا میوش عشق سلمان و بلال ارزان فروش چشم بیخواب و دل بیتاب ده باز ما را فطرت سیماب ده آیتی بمنا ز آیات مبین تا شود اعناق اعدا خاضعين کو ه آتش خیز کن این کاه ر ا

ز آتش ما سوز غير الله را رشتہ ی وحدت چو قوم از دست داد صد گره بر روی کار ما فتاد ما پریشان در جہان چون اختریم بمدم و بیگانه از یکدیگریم باز این اوراق را شیرازه کن باز آئین محبت تازه کن باز ما را بر ہمان خدمت گمار كار خود با عاشقان خود سپار ربروان را منزل تسلیم بخش قوت ایمان ابرابیم بخش عشق را از شغل لا آگاه كن آشنای رمز الاالله كن منکہ بھر دیگران سوزم چو شمع بزم خود را گریہ آموزم چو شمع یارب آن اشکی کہ باشد دلفروز بیقرار و مضطر و آرام سوز کارمش در باغ و روید آتشی از قبای لالم شوید آتشی دل بدوش و دیده بر فر داستم در میان انجمن تنها ستم " بر کسی از ظن خود شد یار من از درون من نجست اسرار من" در جہان یارب ندیم من کجاست

نخل سينايم كليم من كجاست

ظالمم بر خود ستم با کرده ام شعلہ ئی را در بغل پروردہ ام شعلہ ئی غارت گر سامان ہوش آتشی افکنده در دامان بوش عقل را دیوانگی آموختہ علم را سامان بستی سوختہ آفتاب از سوز او گردون مقام برقها اندر طواف او مدام ہمچو شبنم دیدہ ی گریان شدم تا امین آتش پنہان شدم شمع را سوز عیان آموختم خود نهان از چشم عالم سوختم شعلہ ہا آخر ز ہر مویم دمید از رگ اندیشہ ام آتش چکید عندلیبم از شرر با دانہ چید نغمہ ی آتش مزاجی آفرید سینہ ی عصر من از دل خالی است می تید مجنون کہ محمل خالی است شمع را تنها تپیدن سهل نیست آه یک پروانہ ی من اہل نیست انتظار غمگساری تا کجا جستجوی راز دارے تا کجا ای ز رویت ماه و انجم مستنیر آتش خود را ز جانم باز گیر این امانت بازگیر از سینه ام

خار جوہر برکش از آئینہ ام یا مرا یک همدم دیرینه ده عشق عالم سوز را آئینہ دہ موج در بحر است ہم پہلوی موج ہست با همدم تبیدن خوی موج بر فلک کوکب ندیم کوکبست ماه تابان سر بزانوی شب است روز پهلوی شب یلدا زند خویش را امروز بر فردا زند ہستی جوئی بجوئے گم شود موجہ ی بادی ببوئے گم شود ہست در ہر گوشہ ی ویرانہ رقص می کند دیوانہ با دیوانہ رقص گرچہ تو در ذات خود یکتاستی عالمی از بهر خویش آراستی من مثال لاله ي صحر استم درمیان محفلی تنهاستم خواہم از لطف تو یاری ہمدمی از رموز فطرت من محرمی همدمی دیوانہ ئی فرزانہ ئی از خیال این و آن بیگانہ ئی تا بجان او سپارم ہوی خویش باز بینم در دل او روی خویش سازم از مشت گل خود پیکرش ہم صنم او را شوم ہم آزرش

تمت

XVIII

An invocation.

O THOU that art as the soul in the body of the universe, Thou art our soul and thou art ever fleeing from us. Thou breathest music into Life's lute; Life envies Death when death is for thy sake. 1620 Once more bring comfort to our sad hearts, Once more dwell in our breasts! Once more let us hear thy call to honour, Strengthen our weak love. We are oft complaining of destiny, 1625

p. 142

Thou art of great price and we have naught.

Hide not thy fair face from the empty-handed!

Sell cheap the love of Salmán and Bilál! 1

Give us the sleepless eye and the passionate heart,

1630 Give us again the nature of quicksilver!

Show unto us one of thy manifest signs,

That the necks of our enemies may be bowed!

Make this chaff a mountain crested with fire,

Burn with our fire all that is not God!

1635 When the people let the clue of Unity go from their hands,

They fell into a hundred mazes.

We are dispersed like stars in the world;

Though of the same family, we are strange to one another.

p. 143

Bind again these scattered leaves,
Revive the law of love! 1640
Take us back to serve thee as of old,
Commit thy cause to them that love thee!
We are travellers: give us devotion as our goal!
Give us the strong faith of Abraham!
Make us know the meaning of "There is no god," 1645
Make us acquainted with the mystery of "except Allah"!
I who burn like a candle for the sake of others
Teach myself to weep like the candle.
O God! a tear that is heart-enkindling,
Passionful, wrung forth by pain, peace-consuming, 1650

May I sow in the garden, and may it grow into a fire That washes away the fire-brand from the tulip's robe!

p. 144

My heart is with yestereve, my eye is on to-morrow:
Amidst the company I am alone.

1655 "Every one fancies he is my friend,
But my secret thoughts have not escaped from my heart."
Oh, where in the wide world is my comrade?
I am the Bush of Sinai: where is my Moses?
I am tyrannous, I have done many a wrong to myself,
1660 I have nourished a flame in my bosom,
A flame that seized the furniture of judgement,
And cast fire on the skirt of discretion,
And lessoned with madness the reason,
And burned up the existence of knowledge:
1665 Its blaze enthrones the sun in the sky,
And lightnings encircle it with adoration for ever.
Mine eye fell to weeping, like dew,

p. 145

Since I was entrusted with that hidden fire.
I taught the candle to burn openly,
While I myself burned unseen by the world's eye. 1670
At last flames breathed from every hair of me,
Fire dropped from the veins of my thought:
My nightingale picked up the spark-grains
And created a fire-tempered song.
Is the breast of this age without a heart? 1675
Majnún trembles lest Lailá's howdah be empty.
It is not easy for the candle to throb alone:
Ah, is there no moth worthy of me?
How long shall I wait for one to share my grief?
How long must I search for a confidant? 1680

p. 146

O Thou whose face lends light to the moon and the stars, Withdraw thy fire from my soul!

Take back what Thou hast put in my breast,
Remove the stabbing radiance from my mirror,

1685 Or give me one old comrade

To be the mirror of mine all-burning love!

In the sea wave tosses side by side with wave:

Each hath a partner in its emotion.

In heaven star consorts with star,

1690 And the bright moon lays her head on the knees of Night.

Morning touches Night's dark side,

And To-day throws itself against To-morrow.

One river loses its being in another, A waft of air dies in perfume. 1695 There is dancing in every nook of the wine-house, Madman dances with madman.

p. 147

Howbeit in thine essence Thou art single,
Thou hast decked out for Thyself a whole world.
I am as the tulip of the field,
In the midst of a company I am alone. 1700
I beg of Thy grace a sympathising friend,
An adept in the mysteries of my nature,
A friend endowed with madness and wisdom,
One that knoweth not the phantom of vain things,
That I may confide my lament to his soul 1705
And see again my face in his heart.
His image I will mould of mine own clay,
I will be to him both idol and worshipper.

THE END

English translation is taken from http://www.sacred-texts.com/isl/iq/iq20.htm

The translator was the English orientalist Reynold A. Nicholson.